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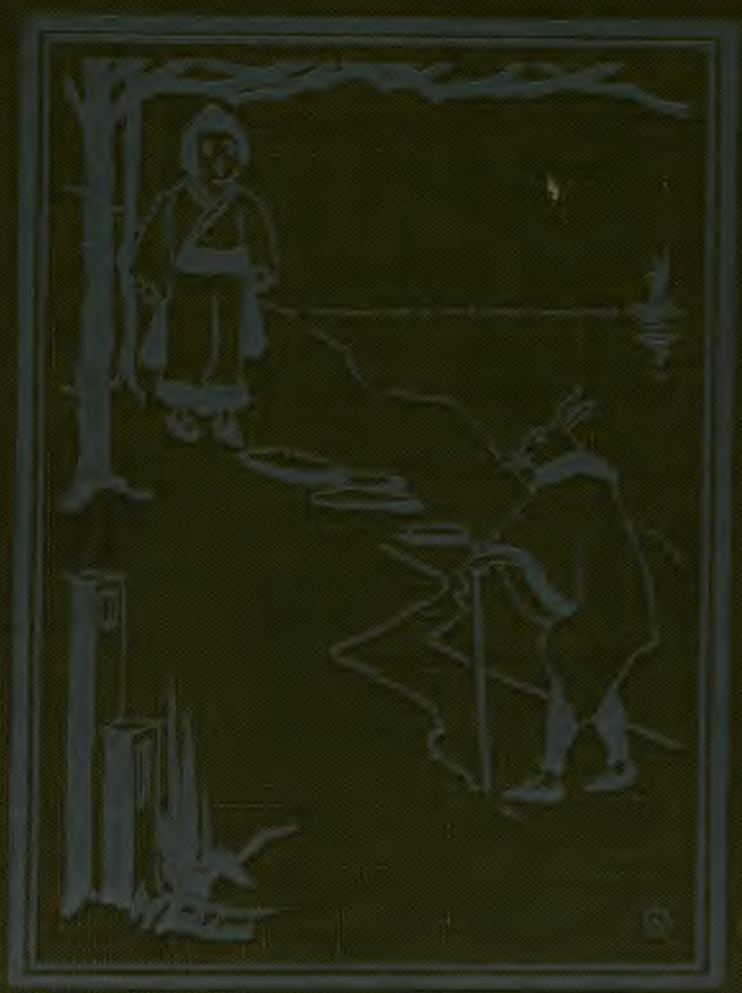
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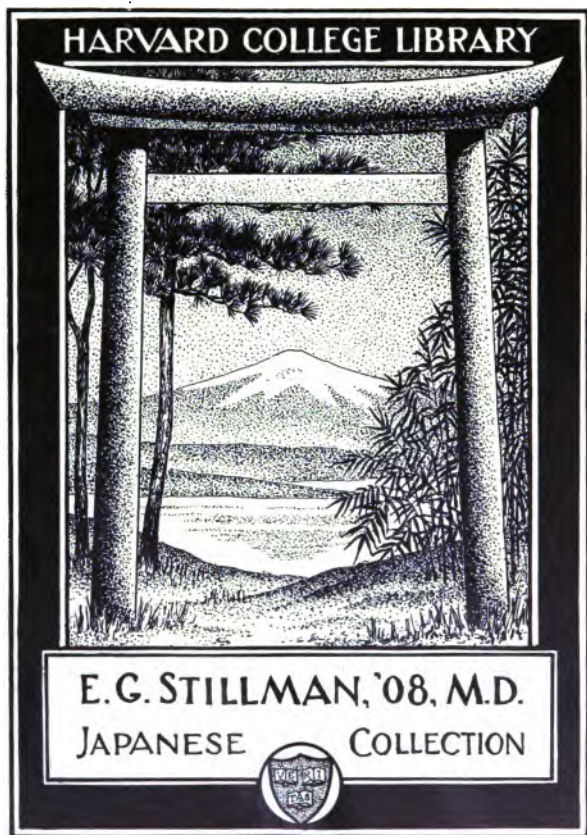


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All About Japan

Stories of Sunrise Land
Told for Little Folks

BY

BELLE M. BRAIN

*Author of "Hanging the Rope," "The Story of
of Haver," "Fifty Millionaire Story"*



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I

Sunrise Land

Dai Nippon

AWAY over on the other side of the world, across the big Pacific Ocean, there are some very beautiful islands that we call Japan. This name really means "Sunrise Land."

Hundreds and hundreds of years ago, when the people living along the coast of China waked up every morning, the first thing they did was to look out across the sea. And there, coming to them from the east, they saw the sun, looking for all the world like a great ball of fire rising up out of the water.

"Where does it come from?" they asked, in wonder.

"We know," cried the sailors, "we know. It comes from some great islands across the sea to the east of us. We have been there in our ships and have seen the sun rise right up from behind the big mountains on the shore."

"The sailors ought to know," thought the people. So they began to call the islands *Chi-pen-kue*, a queer Chinese name which means "Sunrise Land."

By and by the people who lived in the

islands heard about the new name the people of China had given them.

"A very good name," they said; "a very good name. The sun belongs to us. Of course it rises here."

So they began to call their islands *Nippon*, another queer name that means "Sunrise Land." And after a while, because they thought their country was the most wonderful country in the world, they called it *Dai Nippon*, "Great Sunrise Land." And *Dai Nippon* they call it to this day.

Long years after, when Marco Polo came home from China, and told the people of Europe about the land of Chi-pen-kue, he did not pronounce the queer name just as the Chinese did, but called it Zi-pan-gu. Then, gradually it was changed to Japan.



The Islands

Compared with the United States, Japan is a very small country. But it is a very wonderful country and a great many people live in it.

"Take forty little boxes," says Toyobashi Goto, in writing to American children about Japan, "and think of them altogether to be the size of your country; then in one of them you

have Japan. Yet in this one box you have one-half as many people as there are in these forty altogether."

There are four large islands in Japan and nearly three thousand small ones—so many that I am afraid you would find it hard work to count them all. I am quite sure you could not remember all their names.

The four large islands are Hondo, Yezo, Kyushu and Shikoku. Here is a little table that will help you to remember how large they are compared with one another :

1 Hondo=3 Yezos.

1 Yezo=2 Kyushus.

1 Kyushu=2 Shikokus.

Perhaps, after studying this table carefully, you can answer these questions in Japanese geography :

How many Shikokus would it take to make one Hondo ?

How many Shikokus would Yezo make ?

How many Kyushus would Hondo make ?



Glimpses of Sunrise Land

People who have been to Japan say it is one of the most beautiful countries in the world. If

the pictures they show us are anything like the real places, I am sure we must all agree with them.

There are great mountain peaks, lovely little lakes, broad, fertile valleys with rice-fields and tea plantations, and short, narrow rivers that become raging torrents after heavy rains. Then, too, there is the great Inland Sea, famous for its beauty, and the wonderful cities and picturesque little villages with rows and rows of queer-looking Japanese houses.

Crossing the rivers are many quaint old bridges, most of them built of wood, though a few are of stone.

The most famous of these is the sacred rainbow bridge at Nikko. It crosses a little mountain stream, and is made of wood, covered with so many coats of red lacquer that it shines as brightly as some highly polished metal.

"This bridge was let down from the clouds by the gods in answer to the prayers of the priests," the Japanese say.

It is so sacred that no one save the emperor is ever allowed to cross it. But when General Grant was in Japan, some years ago, the gates were unlocked by order of the emperor, and he was invited to walk across it.

It was the highest honour that could be paid

him in Japan, and the great general was very much pleased. But he did not go across the bridge. Knowing how sacred it was to the Japanese, he did not think a foreigner ought to set foot upon it. This pleased the people so much that they talk about it to this day.

Another famous bridge in Japan is the *Nihon Bashi*, or Sunrise Bridge, in Tokyo. The Japanese call it the centre of the empire, and measure all distances from it. Near one end, on a great sign-board, are posted the official notices of the government.

Nothing in Japan would please you more than the wonderful little gardens, laid out as though they were great parks. They are usually quite small, but they have miniature mountains, tiny lakes with little islands in them, and tiny rivers with little waterfalls and rustic bridges. I am sure, if they were here in America, you would think it fine fun to play in them.

And the flowers! Nowhere in the world are there so many beautiful flowers as in Japan. When they are in bloom, the whole country looks like a great flower-garden.

There is the sacred lotus, covering the ponds and castle moats with its great pink and white flowers and umbrella-like leaves; the pure-white plum bursting into bloom before the winter

snows have all melted away; and the royal chrysanthemum with its great ragged petals reminding the people of the rays of the rising sun.

But best of all do the Japanese love the pink and white blossoms of the cherry-trees. When they are in bloom the whole country takes a holiday and all the people go to the parks to enjoy the beautiful sight.

And a beautiful sight it is, well worth going a long distance to see. Many of the trees are as large as our great oaks and elms, and every twig and branch is thickly covered with the lovely double blossoms, some of them fully as large as a rose. When the petals begin to fall, it looks like a great snow-storm.

But there are curious things, as well as beautiful ones to be seen in Japan. The cats have no tails and some of the chickens have very long ones, with feathers measuring from ten to twelve feet! Chickens of this kind are kept in tall bamboo cages, and when they are let out their wonderful tail feathers are rolled up in paper to keep them from getting spoiled!

But the poor pussies! If one of them happens to be born with a tail, it is usually cut off, for nobody in Japan wants a cat with a tail.

They have horses and oxen, and dogs, just as

we do, but very few sheep. A missionary says that during all the years he was in Japan, the only sheep he ever saw were at a menagerie in cages like lions, bears and tigers !



Earthquakes and Volcanoes

But, though Japan is such a beautiful country, I am not at all sure that you would like to live there.

It is a land of earthquakes and volcanoes as well as a land of flowers. And there are tidal waves that cause great floods, and terrible storms, called typhoons, that sink the ships in the sea, blow down the houses on the shore and kill a great many people every year.

There are about fifty active volcanoes in Japan, and a great many more that were active once, but are quiet now. Nobody knows how soon they may begin again. Old Bandai San, a volcano that had behaved herself very well for more than a thousand years, suddenly, in 1888, began to throw great showers of mud and stones and ashes over everything, and there was such a terrible eruption that one side of the mountain was blown off, and several villages were entirely destroyed.

But though there are so many volcanoes in Japan, and they do so much damage, the Japanese are more afraid of earthquakes than of volcanoes.

Between three and four hundred shocks are felt every year, and they say that in Tokyo the people get a good shaking at least once a day. Sometimes these shocks are very slight, just making the earth tremble a little. But sometimes they are very terrible, throwing down houses, destroying bridges and railroads, and killing thousands and thousands of people.

During the very worst of these earthquakes, the ground has sometimes opened in great cracks. Then whole villages have been swallowed up, and great mountains have disappeared in a day.



The Earthquake Fish

"What makes earthquakes?" the children of Japan used to ask their fathers and mothers.

"A great catfish, seven hundred miles long, that lives down in the sea and holds the world on his back," was the answer. "His tail is away up north and his head down near Kyoto. When he gets angry and wriggles around, he bumps his nose on one island and strikes his tail

on another. Then the earth shakes and all the houses fall down."

Of course the poor little children believed what their parents told them and were very much afraid of the earthquake fish. Oh, how they did wish he would not get angry so often!

But I am glad to tell you that in these days the Japanese know so much more about the world and how it was made, that very few of them believe this old story.



A Land of Idols

I am sorry to tell you that Japan is a land of idols.

There are thousands and thousands of them in the temples all over the country. And you would find them high up on the tops of the mountains, by the sides of the roads and hidden away in the caves. The houses, too, are full of them, and everywhere the people go they carry around either tiny images or pictures of the gods.

Some of these idols are very, very large, regular old giants. Others are so tiny that you would really find it very hard to hold them in your fingers.

Some of them are merry-looking old fellows, like the "seven happy gods of Japan," that are always smiling. Others are terrible monsters, so hideously ugly that you would almost be afraid to meet them in the dark.



The Dai Butsu at Kamakura

The largest idol in Japan is Dai Butsu, a great bronze figure of Buddha at Kamakura. It is as tall as a four-story house—fifty feet, they tell us—and its great eyes, each of them three feet long, are made of gold. Its giant thumbs are so large that there is more than room enough for two men to sit together on each of them.

The image is hollow, with a window in its shoulder to let in the light. Inside it are a great many smaller idols, and on its head are dozens of imitation snail shells made of bronze, that are supposed to protect it from the sun.

This famous old idol is six hundred years old, and is really a very wonderful piece of work. Every year thousands of pilgrims come from all parts of Japan to worship it, dressed in white robes and wearing large hats that look like butter-bowls turned upside down. Fastened to their girdles are tiny bells that tinkle as they walk.



COLOSSAL IMAGE OF BUDDHA.

Perhaps, if you ever go to Japan, you may climb up into Dai Butsu's lap, as a missionary once did. While he was sitting there he began to sing :

“Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below.”

“What are you doing up there?” asked the priests, who stood below.

“I am praising the *true God*,” replied the missionary.



Fujiyama

I wonder what you have in your house that has come from Japan—fans? screens? pictures? dainty bits of porcelain? odd pieces of beautiful lacquer ware?

Perhaps, if you will look, you will find on some of these things the picture of a grand old mountain, with its great peak capped with snow. This is Fujiyama, the sacred mountain of Japan.

It is the highest mountain in the empire, and so beautiful that it is the pride of every Japanese. So dearly do they love it that they paint it on everything they use. Pictures of it are printed on the cotton cloth the poor people

wear, and woven into the costly silken garments of the rich.

Fujiyama, or Mt. Fuji as we would call it, for *yama* means mountain, was once an active volcano, and the whole upper part of it is nothing but a mass of lava and ashes. It is this that gives it the peculiar purplish colour we see in all the pictures.

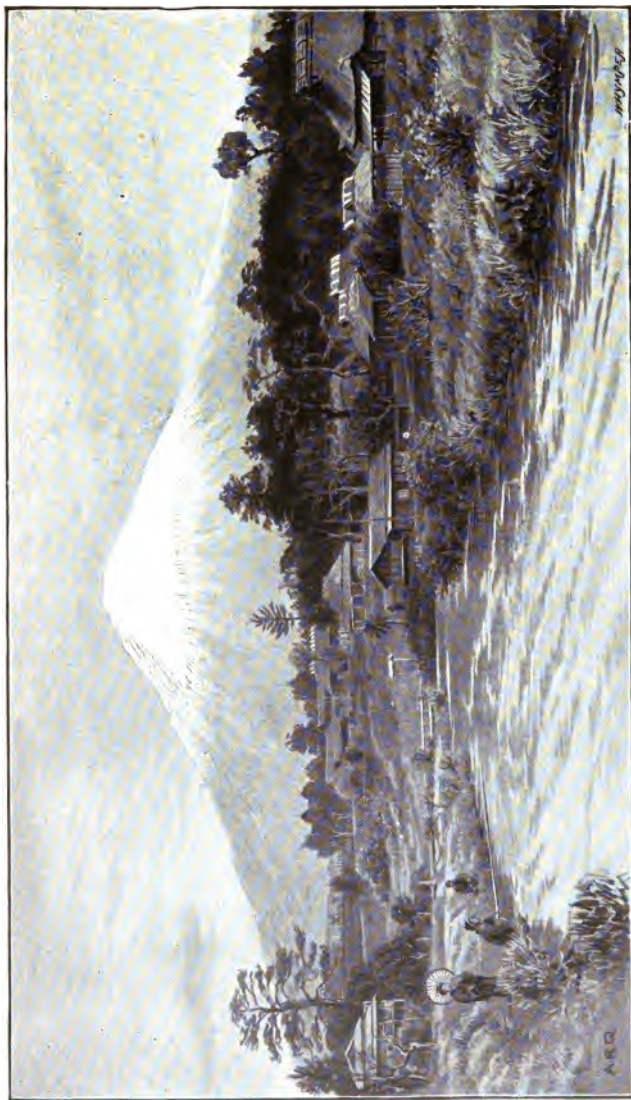
It has been quiet for almost two hundred years, but at the summit, vapours hot enough to cook an egg are constantly coming up through cracks in the ground. Nobody knows how soon it may break out again and do great harm.

Inside the crater at the top of this wonderful mountain there are a great many idols which Japanese pilgrims come long distances to worship.

During the two summer months, when it is warm enough, they come, thousands of them, climbing up the steep sides of the mountain. At the top they go down into the crater and stay all night there, praying to the gods. Next morning they start down again, and soon the long, hard journey is over.

"Why are these pilgrims so anxious to climb up to the top of Fujiyama?" a missionary once asked a Japanese who had become a Christian.

"Because they think it will make them holy," was the answer. "But it does no good. As



FUJILAMA FROM OMIYA.

long as they are on the mountain they are all right, but as soon as they get down again they begin to drink *saké* and gamble and cheat and do as many wicked things as they did before."



PILGRIM GOING UP FUJIYAMA

II

The People of Sunrise Land

What the Japanese Are Like

THERE are so many Chinese in America that I think you must have seen a "real Chinaman." But I am not so sure that you have seen a "real live Japanese."

If you saw them walking along the street together, a Chinaman and a Japanese, could you tell which was which?

With their straight black hair, black eyes and dark skins, they really look very much alike to us. But, for all that, they are very different in many ways. The Japanese are not as tall as the Chinese and they wear no queue. And they are usually brown like the Malays, while the Chinese are yellow.

Compared with us, the Japanese are a little people, not much larger than our big boys and girls. Their men are usually about the size of our women.

Strange to say, when they are sitting down they look fully as large as we do. This is because the upper half of the body is large and strong, while the lower half is small and weak.

What do you suppose has made them out of proportion in this way? Nothing in the world

but an odd custom they have of sitting on the floor! In the old days there were no chairs at all in Japan, and there are very few even now. So, for centuries the Japanese have been sitting on their heels. In this position the blood could not circulate freely in the lower limbs, and they could not grow to be full size.

Nobody knows just where the Japanese came from. Some people say they came across the sea from Northern Asia, others that they came from the Malay Archipelago in the south.

But wherever they came from, we are sure that they were not the first people who lived in Japan. Just as Columbus found the Indians in America, so the Japanese found a strange race called the Ainos in Japan.

There are about seventeen thousand of these Ainos living in Yezo, the large island in the north of Japan. They are not at all like the Japanese, but are strong and well developed in every way.

The Japanese have smooth faces with only a slight growth of beard on the chin. But the Ainos are a hairy people—"the hairiest race in the whole world," a great writer says. Their hair is thick and black and bushy, and their beards are heavy and grow very long. There is, too, quite a thick growth of hair on their limbs.



AN AINU

The People of Sunrise Land 29

The Japanese are quick and clever and intelligent—the “Yankees of the East,” they are sometimes called—and they are the cleanest people in the world.

The Ainos are just the opposite. They are gentle and kindly, but dull and slow-going, and the dirtiest people in the world. Travellers who have lived among them to study their habits say that never once have they seen them wash either themselves or their clothing!



Japanese Houses

Japanese houses are not at all like ours. They are made of wood, one or two stories high, and have neither attic nor cellar. All around them runs a narrow platform or porch, about two feet above the ground. The roof, made either of tile or straw, extends out about three feet beyond the house to protect it from the weather.

The sides of these queer houses—two or three of them at least—are nothing but sliding lattice-work frames covered with rice paper. These are called *shoji*, and in the daytime let in a soft, pretty light. At night and in rainy weather, they are protected by sliding wooden shutters called *amados*.

In the morning the first thing the Japanese do is to roll back these shutters and put them in a little closet at the end of the porch. Then if the day is warm and fine, the *shoji* are pushed away too, and the whole house is open to the street.

There are no doors like ours and when visitors come, instead of knocking, they stand in front of the house and shout, "*O-ta-no-mo-shi-ma-su!*" which means "I call!"

There are no windows, either, such as we have, and very few of the people, excepting those who live in the large cities, know anything about window-glass. When the first railway trains were run in Japan they had to paint white lines on the car windows to keep the passengers from putting their heads right through the glass!

The partition walls that separate one room from another in Japanese houses are nothing but thick paper screens, decorated with poems or sketches. They are called *fusuma*, and slide along so easily in their grooves, that the whole house can be made into one great room very quickly.

The floors are not covered with matting such as we use here in America, but with beautiful soft straw mats, kept so clean that you would not be afraid to sit down on them, even in your

best "Sunday-go-to-meeting" dress. For fear of spoiling these mats the Japanese never wear shoes in the house, but always take them off and leave them at the door.

The mats are always made the same size, six feet long, three feet wide and two inches thick. And they fit so close together that the floor cannot be seen at all.

If you should ask a Japanese how large a certain room is, he would not say, "It is so many feet long and so many feet wide," as we would, but, "It is a four-mat room," or "a six-mat room," according to the number of mats it takes to cover it.

One of the rooms in the emperor's palace at Tokyo is called "The Hall of a Thousand Mats." Can you tell how large it is, and how much matting a yard wide it would take to cover it?

Inside Japanese houses you would be surprised to find no chairs, no tables, no bedsteads, no furniture at all such as we have here in America. They look rather bare, according to our ideas, yet they are really very pretty.

The stove is a little box about a foot square, filled with ashes and charcoal. It is used for making tea, and gives so little heat that in winter the houses are very cold. The people try to keep warm by putting on more clothes.

In the daytime the Japanese sit on the floor, on the soft white mats, and when bedtime comes, some large thick quilts are brought in. Part of these are spread on the floor for a mattress, and the rest are used as a cover.

There are no sheets and the pillow is a queer little block of wood about the size of a brick. On it the Japanese rests, not his head, but his neck! I am afraid you would find it very uncomfortable after sleeping all your lives on our big, soft, downy pillows. In the morning the bed is rolled up and put away in a little closet out of sight.

At meal time tiny tables, not more than six inches high, are brought in, one for each person. On them are placed lacquer trays with the food in pretty little porcelain bowls. There are no knives and forks, but instead a pair of chopsticks about eight inches long, and a quarter of an inch thick.

The Japanese cannot understand how we can use such dangerous things as knives and forks. The first time they ever saw anybody eating with them, they cried out in horror:

“Look at those foreigners! They are cutting their food with daggers and eating it with pitchforks!”

Almost every Japanese house has a bath-room,

and at least once a day they take a bath in water so hot that it would scald you or me. But they are used to it and it does not seem to hurt them at all.

Everybody in the house uses the same tub and the same water, the family first and the servants last! But you will be glad to hear that if there is a guest in the house, they are polite enough to let him take his bath first.

There are about eight million of these queer houses in Japan, with more than forty million people living in them.



Fashion Notes

I suppose very few of you have ever seen any real Japanese, either men or women, dressed in their pretty and graceful native costume, but I think you must have seen pictures of them.

In Japan, the men dress very much like the women, and the children dress exactly like their fathers and mothers.

They all wear a long loose garment called a *kimono*, that reaches from the neck to the feet. It is folded across the breast in front and tied in around the waist by a sash or girdle.

The sash worn by the women is called the

obi, and is much larger than the girdle worn by the men. It is usually made of silk woven in one piece about ten feet long and two feet wide, and is considered the most important part of the costume. Tied in a great bow in the back it looks like an immense gay butterfly with its wings spread wide open.

The most interesting thing about a Japanese dress is its pockets. Where do you suppose they are? In the sleeves!

The sleeves are long and full and the ends, which hang down at least to the knees, are sewed up as far as the wrist, leaving room enough for the hand to slip in and out. The bags thus formed make fine pockets and are used for carrying all sorts of things.

It is quite proper in Japan to go both bare-headed and barefooted. But, as a rule, all excepting very poor people, wear some kind of covering on their feet.

In the house they wear a sort of foot-glove made either of white or black cloth. It has a separate place for the great toe and looks very much like the mittens we wear on our hands.

When they go outdoors, they put on either a straw sandal or a wooden clog called a *geta*, which is raised about three inches from the



JAPANESE GIRLS — HAIRDRESSING

ground and makes a great noise as they go clattering along. The *geta* is held on by velvet-covered cords which pass over the foot between the great toe and the rest.

Japanese ladies never wear either hats or bonnets, but they spend a great deal of time dressing their hair. They arrange it in the most elaborate manner in great puffs and coils, and fasten it with beautiful combs and fancy hairpins.

All this takes so much time and makes so much trouble that Japanese women only dress their hair once or twice a week. You see they sleep very quietly with their necks on the queer little Japanese pillows about which you have heard, and their hair does not get mussed at night as ours does when we toss about in our big comfortable beds.



The Musmee

The Musmee has a small brown face —
Musk-melon seed its perfect shape —
Arched, jetty eyebrows; nose to grace
The rosy mouth beneath; a nape,
And neck and chin; and smooth soft cheeks,
Carved out of sunburned ivory;
With teeth which, when she smiles or speaks,
Pearl merchants might come leagues to see.

The Musmee has small, faultless feet,
With snow-white *tabi* trimly decked,
Which patter down the city street
In short steps, slow and circumspect ;
A velvet string between her toes
Holds to its place the unwilling shoe,
Pretty and pigeon-like she goes,
And on her head a hood of blue.

The Musmee wears a wondrous dress —
Kimono, obi, imogi —
A rosebush in spring-loveliness,
Is not more colour-glad to see !
Her girdle holds her silver pipe,
And heavy swing her long silk sleeves,
With cakes, love-letters, *mikans* ripe,
Small change, musk-box, and writing-leaves.
—*Sir Edwin Arnold.*



Fans

Fans are very important things in Japan, and are used for a great many purposes besides fanning one's self.

The flat ones, which were the only kind they had in the very early days, make fine dust-pans, and are used for blowing the fire and winnowing the grain. But the *ogi*, or folding fan, is considered much more elegant, and is used altogether in polite society. No lady considers

herself dressed without one, and during the summer, men, women and children always carry them in the folds of the *obi* or sash.

Folding fans are used in a thousand pretty ways. They shield the ladies' faces from the sun, and make very pretty trays for passing letters, flowers, or small gifts from friend to friend.

At a feast each one present is given a plain white fan upon which the guests are expected to trace their names or a little poem, or perhaps a tiny picture. It is a very pretty custom that we might use in America.

There are many different kinds of fans and each has its own meaning. When a gentleman asks a lady to marry him he gives her a certain kind of a fan. In answer she gives him another fan, and he knows at once what she is going to say, for one kind means "Yes" and another, "No."



How Folding Fans Were Invented

Do you know that folding fans were invented in Japan, and that the Japanese used them hundreds of years before the Chinese ever heard of them?

There are two stories about how the first fold-

ing fan came to be made, and nobody knows which is true.

One day, away back in the seventeenth century, so one of the old stories says, a man of Tamba named Jingo Kogo, was watching a bat folding its wings. All at once a bright idea popped into his head.

"I believe I could make a fan that would open and shut like that," he said to himself; "at any rate I am going to try."

So he went to work, and by and by succeeded in making the *ogi* or folding fan. It was so pretty and so much more convenient than the old flat kind that the people were delighted and soon everybody was using them.

The other story says that once upon a time a young nobleman was killed in battle and his poor young wife grieved so terribly that, for a time, she went to live in a temple.

She found the abbot very, very ill with a raging fever. But after a while she was able to cure him by fanning him with a fan which she made by folding a piece of paper in pleats.

The priests were so much pleased that they began to make folding fans like hers. They made so many and sold them for so much money that the temple soon became very rich and very famous.

You can believe whichever one of these stories you like best, but I think the first one is more likely to be true.



Topsyturvydom

Somebody has called Japan "Topsyturvydom," and a very good name it is, for everything there seems to be upside down, and the people do everything backwards.

But if we should go to Japan and get used to doing things in the Japanese way, it would seem just as easy and convenient as our own way. Perhaps, after all, we are topsyturvy, and not the Japanese.

In an interesting book called the "Gist of Japan" that I hope you will read for yourselves some day, the author gives a great many of the queer customs of the Japanese that are so different from our own. Here are some of them :

Our books are printed in lines across the page and read from left to right ; Japanese books are printed in columns from top to bottom, and read from right to left. The title of the book is on what we call the back cover.

In our newspapers the columns run up and down the page ; in theirs they run across it.

In a bookcase we stand the books on end in rows; they lay them flat on their sides and pile them up in columns.

In addressing a letter we write :

Mr. Frank Jones,
110 Gay Street,
Knoxville,
Tennessee.

A Japanese would write it :

Tennessee,
Knoxville,
Gay Street, 110,
Jones, Frank, Mr.

We think blue eyes and light curly hair very pretty; they do not, but like only black eyes and straight, black hair. If a little Japanese girl happens to have curly hair she thinks it a great shame and cries very bitterly. I know some little girls in America who have cried a good deal because their hair was *not* curly. Do you?

We have our parlours in the front of the house, and the kitchens at the back; they have the kitchen in front and the parlour at the back.

We keep our front yards clean and try to

make them beautiful, but are not so careful about our back yards; they let all sorts of trash lie around in the front yard, but turn the back yard into a lovely little garden with trees and flowers and tiny lakes and mountains.

Japanese carpenters saw by pulling the saw towards them instead of pushing it from them as our carpenters do. Planes are used in the same queer way, and all screws and locks turn to the left instead of to the right.

We build the walls of a house first, and put the roof on afterwards; they raise the roof first, and then fit in the walls.

When we go into a house we take our hats off and keep our shoes on; they keep their hats on and take their shoes off.

We lead a horse into the stable; they back him in, and put his head where his tail ought to be.

Even their names are written backwards. If you were Miss Margaret Hagan in America, you would be Hagan, Margaret, Miss in Japan.



Jinrikishas

I wonder if you were old enough in 1901 to go with father and mother to the great Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo.

If so, I am sure you have seen a real Japanese jinrikisha, such as everybody rides in in Sunrise Land. Perhaps you even went riding all over the Exposition grounds in the queer little carriage, with its two-legged Japanese horse.

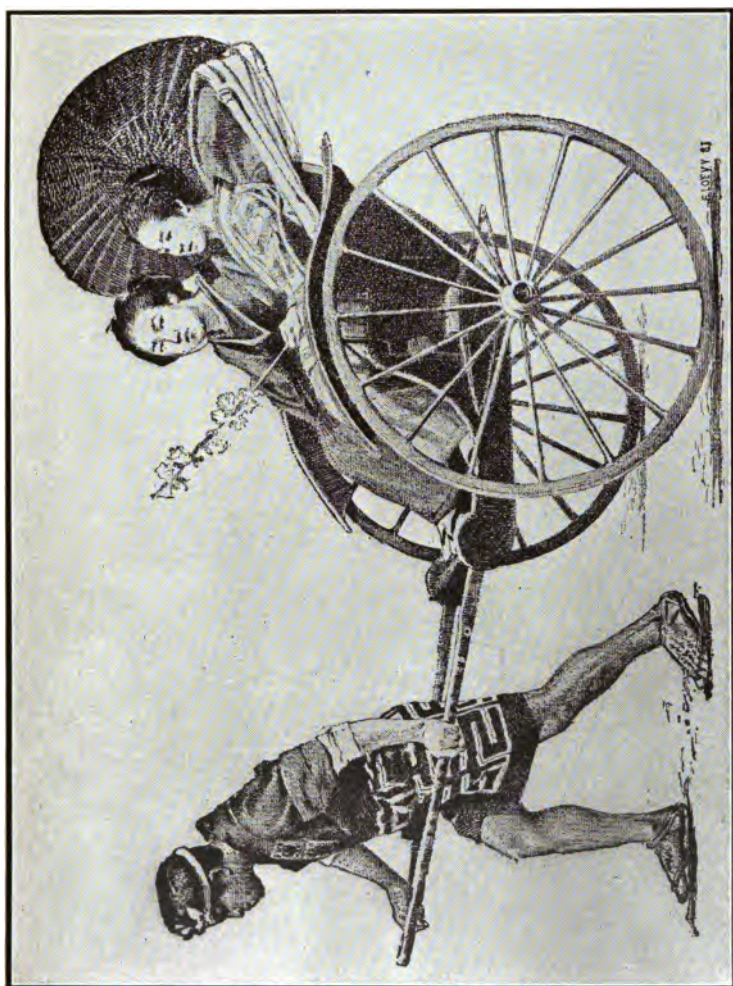
"Two-legged Japanese horse! Do horses only have two legs in Japan?"

No indeed; Japanese horses are just like ours, only smaller, but jinrikishas are always pulled by men. Indeed most of the work done by horses in America is done by men in Japan.

The word jinrikisha means "man-power cart." It is made up of three Japanese words, *jin* which means man, *riki*, power, and *sha*, cart.

There are thousands of jinrikishas used in Japan. They look very much like an old-fashioned baby-carriage, and usually have room for one person only, though some of them are large enough for two. The wheels are about as large as the front wheels of an American buggy, and the little human steeds trot almost as fast as a first-class horse. They are so strong that sometimes they go fifty miles in a day.

In the old days before the missionaries came, there were no jinrikishas, and the Japanese used the *kago*, a sort of a chair carried on the shoulders of men. But one day, about the year 1870, a missionary whose wife was an invalid and un-



A JINRIKISHA

able to walk, showed the picture of an American baby-carriage to a Japanese carpenter.

"Do you think you could make me something like this for my wife to ride in?" he asked.

"Yes," said the man, who like all Japanese workmen, was very clever; "I think I can."

In a few days it was ready, and the missionary's wife took a ride in it. The Japanese were so delighted that they began to make others like it for themselves, and now the jinrikisha is used all over Japan, and in some parts of India and China as well.



JAPANESE ORNAMENTS

III

Little Folks in Sunrise Land

The Paradise of Babies

THEY say that Japanese children are the best behaved children in the world. They hardly ever cry, and seldom do anything naughty. And best of all, they always treat their fathers and mothers and all older people with great respect.

And they do have such good times! Everybody loves them and tries to make them happy. No wonder Japan is called the "Paradise of Babies."

There are no beds for them to fall out of, no chairs for them to be tipped over in, and almost nothing in the house that they can break or spoil. Nobody ever has to say "don't" to them. Perhaps this is one reason why they are so good. One who has seen them in their homes and loves them very dearly says, "They never seem to do any mischief; possibly because there is not much mischief for them to do."

All day long they play in the streets and are perfectly safe, for there are very few horses and no street cars except in the very largest cities.

And their mothers are not the least bit afraid of their getting lost, for, fastened to their waists

are little bells that tinkle as they run about and show just where they are. Then, too, each one has a tiny block of wood in its *obi* or sash, with its name and the number of its house. If it wanders too far away from home somebody is sure to bring it back again.

And the toys! I really think we ought to call Japan the "Land of Toys," for nowhere else are there to be found so many wonderful things for little folks to play with. And they cost so little that even the poorest children can have them. A penny or even half a penny will buy something very pretty.

Once a year, on the third of March, all little girls in Japan have a great holiday when they wear their brightest *kimono* and gayest *obi* and have their hair tied up with pretty gold cord. This is called the "Feast of Dolls."

All day long they play with the most wonderful dolls, little images of the emperor and empress and the lords and ladies of their court, dressed in an elegant and expensive manner.

Some of these belong to the little girls themselves. Others are very, very old, and were given to their mothers, grandmothers, and even great-grandmothers, when they were little girls and kept the "Feast of Dolls."



THE FEAST OF DOLLS

When the feast is over, the dolls are put away with the greatest care, and are not taken out again until the next year.

On the fifth of May, the boys of Japan have their holiday, called the "Feast of Flags," when they play with spears and banners and little images of heroes and warriors.

At the door of every house where there are boys, a tall pole is set up. To the top of it are fastened great paper fishes, four or five feet long, one for each boy in the house. When the wind blows and they are filled with air, they wriggle around and flap their tails and fins just as though they were real fish and alive.



Sunrise Babies

A little bird sings from over the sea :
" I've been to a land that pleases me.
'Tis a fabulous land where babies don't cry
From the time they are born till the time they die."

You queer little baby, way over the sea,
Tell us, oh, tell us, how can it be,
Aren't Japanese baby clothes ever too tight ?
Don't Japanese babies wake up in the night ?

Do Japanese teeth come through without pain ?
Or Japanese children tease babies in vain ?
Don't Japanese pins have points that prick ?
Won't Japanese colic make little folks sick ?

You queer little baby, if secret there be,
Send it, oh, send it way over the sea !
"There *is* no such secret. Far off in Japan
We babies *can* cry, and we'll prove that we can !"
—*St. Nicholas.*



Japanese Cradles

" Rock-a-bye baby,
On sister's back ;
When the sash breaks,
Baby's head will go 'whack !' "

Japanese babies sleep in the queerest cradles you ever heard of. I am afraid you will hardly believe me when I tell you that they spend most of their time on somebody's back, usually little sister's.

If you should walk along the streets in Japan, or go to the parks or temple gardens, you would see hundreds of children, many of them only five or six years old, playing around with babies

strapped to their backs. They do not seem to mind it at all, as you would, but play hop-scotch, fly their kites and fish for frogs in the gutter just as though baby was not there.

And as for baby, he seems to like his queer cradle very much. His little brown head rolls around every time little sister moves, but he sits up as happy as a king, sucking his taffy-on-a-stick, and shaking his rattle in great glee.

By and by, when sleepy time comes and he gets a wee bit fretful, little sister jumps up and down and sings a quaint Japanese lullaby. Then baby's eyes begin to shut, and soon he is fast asleep.

Little sister pays no more attention to him, but goes right on with her play. His poor little head bobs up and down, and rolls from side to side, until it seems as though his neck would break, but he sleeps on as sweetly as Americans do in their comfortable cradles with soft, downy pillows, in the quiet room at home.



All About Japan

A Japanese Lullaby



Nen - ne - no O mo - ri, do - ko ye it - ta?



A - no ya - ma ko - e - te O sa - to ye it - ta.



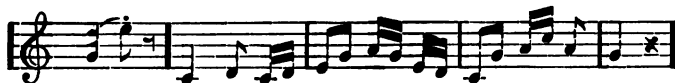
O sa - to, no O mi - a - ge nan - ni mo - rat - ta?



Den - den, tai - ko, ni sho - no - fu - ye;



O ke - a ga - ri ko - bo - shi, ni i - nu - ha - ri -



ko. Bo - ya wa ii ko da, nen - ne - shi - na!



Nen - ne, wo - shi! Bo - ya wa ii ko - da, nen - ne - shi - na!

(TRANSLATION)

Go to sleep, my baby ! Where has nursie gone ?
Over that high mountain, to her village home.

Little Folks in Sunrise Land 53

What will she bring to baby, from the village shops?
Rattles, drums and flutes; and little Daruma San,
The doll that won't lie down; and paper doggies, too.
Baby is my good boy, lullaby!
Lullaby!
Baby is my good boy, lullaby!

—*Children's Work for Children.*



How to Be Polite in Japan

If you should ever go to Japan I am sure you would want to know how to behave according to Japanese ideas, so I am going to give you a few rules of Japanese etiquette.

The Japanese, you know, are the most polite people in the world, and you must be very careful to make no mistakes.

When you go into a Japanese house, take off your shoes and leave them at the door. Then examine everything in the house and say a great deal about how very fine it all is.

Instead of shaking hands, get down on your knees and bow down to the floor again and again. When you rise, suck in your breath with a loud whistling sound to show how greatly honoured you feel to be a guest in such a house.

In walking, turn your toes in, and shuffle

along with the soles of your feet level with the floor, and do not lift them very high.

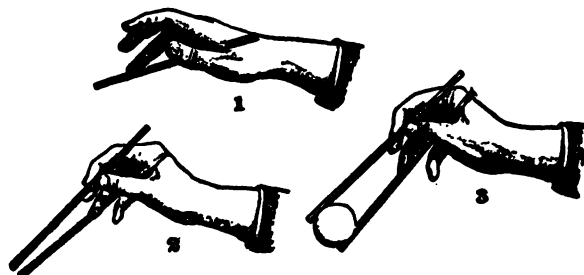
As there are no chairs you must sit on the floor. To do it gracefully, in true Japanese style, kneel down and then sit back on your heels. It will make your insteps ache and your feet "go to sleep," but never mind. It makes the Japanese very tired to sit on chairs. Very often, at church, some one, tired of sitting "foreign fashion," gravely stands up on the seat, doubles his feet under him, and sits down on his heels!

Your hostess will probably give you some tea in tiny cups or bowls, and some sweetmeats on pretty sheets of white paper. Do not eat all that she gives you, but wrap part of it in the paper and carry it away in your sleeves! The sleeves, you know, are the pockets of a Japanese gown.

As there are no knives and forks, you must use chop-sticks, and use them carefully, too. Japanese mothers always say to their children, "If you drop rice on your clothes you will turn into a cow when you die."

Perhaps you would like to learn to use chop-sticks before you go to Japan. If so, take two lead pencils, or better still, a pair of grandmother's large wooden knitting-needles. Put one of

them in the angle of the thumb and rest it against the third finger as in figure 1. Keep it in this position and do not let it move at all.



Take the other stick and hold it between the thumb and the first two fingers, just as you do your pen in writing. Figure 2 will show you how. Then, moving it back and forth, try to pick up any little thing, such as a grain of corn or a bit of bread.

It will seem very awkward at first, but you will soon become expert if you keep on trying.

The Japanese have a sad custom of bowing to their chop-sticks before they eat, thanking them, instead of God, for their food, but we will not follow them in this.

If you go to school with the Japanese boys and girls, you must be careful to do as they do. You will find them just as polite in school as anywhere else.

When school opens, the teacher bows and the

scholars rise and bow lower still. Then the teacher bows again, and the children sit down and lessons begin.

When school closes, the teacher makes a very low bow, and the children bow and pass out, forming a long line near the door. The teacher passes down this line, bowing as he goes. Then the children bow again, and hurry away to their homes.

When you receive a present, no matter how small it is, you must raise it to the top of your head, and say it is the most beautiful thing in the world.

When you give a present, no matter how fine it is, you must say that it is so cheap and ugly that you are ashamed to offer it to such an honourable person, but that you will be greatly pleased if he will condescend to receive it.



Little Children in Japan

The little children in Japan

Don't think of being rude.

"O noble dear mamma," they say,

"We trust we don't intrude."

Instead of rushing into where

All day her mother combs her hair.



A JAPANESE SCHOOL

T
but

Little Folks in Sunrise Land 57

The little children in Japan
Wear mittens on their feet;
They have no proper hats to go
A-walking on the street;
And wooden stilts for overshoes
They don't object at all to use.

The little children in Japan
Are fearfully polite;
They always thank their bread and milk
Before they take a bite,
And say, "You make us most content
O honourable nourishment!"

The little children in Japan
With toys of paper play,
And carry paper parasols
To keep the rain away;
And when you go to see, you'll find
It's paper walls they live behind.

The little children in Japan,
They haven't any store
Of beds and chairs and parlour things,
And so upon the floor
They sit, and sip their tea, and smile,
And then they go to sleep awhile.

—*Harper's Magazine.*



A Little Lesson in Japanese

The Japanese language is soft and musical,
but oh, so hard to learn.

At first when foreigners begin to speak it, they often make very funny mistakes. In an interesting book called "An American Missionary in Japan," the author gives some examples of this.

One lady who went to a store to buy a meat-broiler, used the word *neku* instead of *niku*, and asked, "Have you cat-broilers for sale?"

Another who wanted some boiled onions for dinner, said to her cook, "You may boil some Shinto priest for dinner to-day!"

A gentleman who was about to take a bath said to his servant, "Get the syrup of malt ready for me." What he wanted was rain-water, but he used the words *mizu ame* instead of *ama mizu*.

But the Japanese have just as hard a time learning English as we do learning Japanese. And I am afraid they do not think our language pretty at all. One day a missionary overheard some little Japanese children saying: "*Ijin no pa pa, neko no pa pa*"—"Your talk is all the same as a cat's!"

I think perhaps you would like to take a little lesson in Japanese, so I am going to give you a few common words and phrases with their meanings. A is pronounced as in father; e as a in late; i as in machine; o as in no; n as oo in

moon ; and ai as in aisle. Every vowel makes a syllable and there is no accent.

Bateren—father.

Okkasan—mother.

Ko—child.

San—Mr., Mrs. or Miss.

Gakko—school.

Sensai—teacher.

Hai—yes.

Dozo—please.

Arigata—"Thank you."

Yo-ro-shin—"All right."

I-ku-ra—"How much."

Kore wa nani to moshimasu ka—"What is this?"

Sukoshi O aruki irrashai—"Condescend to take a little honourable walk."

Ijin-san a-na-ta tai-san peg-gy!—"You foreigner, go away!"

O-go-men-na-sai—"Beg pardon."

O-hay-o—"Good-morning."

O-hay-o vide nasatta—"You have come with august earliness."

Mata, dozo, irrashai!—"Be pleased to come again!"

Mata Kimasu—"I will come again."

Sayonara—"Good-night," or "Farewell, if it must be so."

Japanese Numerals

Ichi, one; *ni*, two; *san*, three; *shi*, four; *go*, five; *roku*, six; *shichi*, seven; *hachi*, eight; *ku*, nine; *ju*, ten.

John 3:16

Sore, Kami no seken wo itsukushimi-tamau koto wa, subete kare wo shindzuru mono wa horobidzu shite, kagiri naki inochi wo uken tame ni, sono hitori umareshi ko wo tamayeru hodo nari.

**How to Greet Friends**

The greetings between friends in Japan are sometimes very funny. They try to be so excessively polite.

Conversations such as the following are often heard. Two men meet in the street, and taking off their hats, bow very low and begin thus:

A. "I have not had the pleasure of hanging myself in your honourable eyes for a long time."

B. "I was exceedingly rude last time I saw you."

A. "No; it was surely I who was rude. Please excuse me."

B. "How is your august health?"

A. "Very good, thanks to your kind assistance."

B. "Is the august lady, your honourable wife, well?"

A. "Yes, thank you ; the lazy old woman is quite well."

B. "And how are your princely children?"

A. "A thousand thanks for your kind interest. The noisy, dirty little brats are well too."

B. "I am now living on a little back street, and my house is awfully small and dirty ; but if you can endure it, please honour me by a visit."

A. "I am overcome with thanks, and will early ascend to your honourable residence, and impose my uninteresting self upon your hospitality."

B. "I will now be very impolite and leave you."

A. "If that is so, excuse me. *Sayonara.*"—*Gist of Japan.*



JAPANESE TRAVELLER

IV

Old Japan

The Japanese Story of Creation

I SUPPOSE every boy and girl in America knows that "in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." You have, I am sure, read the wonderful story in the first chapter of Genesis.

But, in the old days, the Japanese knew nothing of the Bible and had never heard of the great God who made all things. So they have a story of their own telling how Japan was created, and a very quaint, odd story it is.

The oldest Japanese books say that in the beginning there was no God, and all things were very much like the inside of a great hen's egg.

By and by the clear light substance, like the white of an egg, expanded and became the heavens; and the heavy substance, like the yolk, became the earth. Then the "young land floated in the water like oil, and drifted about like a jelly-fish."

After awhile a rush stalk grew up out of the land and from it came two gods with queer long names. One was "Pleasant-Reed-Shoot-Prince-Elder-God"; the other was "The Deity-Standing-Eternally-in-Heaven."

After these came seven pairs of gods, all with queer long names. The last pair were Izanagi and Izanami, father and mother of the islands of Japan.

One day when they were standing on the Floating Bridge of Heaven, Izanagi plunged his beautiful jewelled spear into the salt water, and gently stirred the soft, warm mud. As he drew the spear out again, some drops trickled down from it and formed the "Island of the Congealed Drop," the first island of Japan.

Japanese geographies say that this is the island called Awagi, at the entrance of the Inland Sea.

After making this island, Izanagi and Izanami came down from heaven to live on it, and the beautiful jewelled spear became the central pillar of their palace.

After that a great many more islands were created, and a great many gods and goddesses were born. One of these, Amaterasu, went back to heaven and became the great Sun Goddess, ruler of heaven and earth.

By and by when Amaterasu looked down upon the earth from her throne in the heavens, she saw that the gods who were living there were having a great deal of trouble and quarrelling among themselves. So she sent her grandson, the god Ninigi, to rule over them.

It was a great day when Ninigi came down to earth on the Floating Bridge of Heaven, bringing with him the sword, the mirror and the ball that became the sacred regalia of the rulers of Japan.

Japanese historians say that Jimmu Tenno, the first emperor of Japan, was a grandson of this god, Ninigi, and a great-great-grandson of the Sun Goddess, Amaterasu. They too say that he began to reign six hundred and sixty years before the Lord Jesus came into the world, and that all the emperors that have ruled since then have been descended from him.

Of course this story is not true, but it will help you to understand why the Japanese call their emperor the "Son of Heaven," and believe that he is a god as well as a man.



The Rulers of Old Japan

In our stories about Japan we will hear so much about the mikado, the shogun, the daimyos, and the samurai, that I think we would better learn something about them at once.

In the old days, the mikado, or emperor of Japan, lived in the city of Kyoto, in a palace

that looked very much like a Japanese temple, and was not at all magnificent like the palaces of other kings.

He was considered so sacred that only his wives and a few nobles of the very highest rank, were ever allowed to go into the room where he sat behind a curtain. And they rarely, if ever, saw his face.

The mikado's dress was a richly-embroidered robe of the most costly silk, stamped with the royal crest which no one, save the members of the royal family, was allowed to use. It was in the shape of an open chrysanthemum of sixteen petals, which were supposed to look like the rays of the sun.

But for all this, I do not think the mikado had a very happy life. For hours at a time he was obliged to sit perfectly still on his throne, with a heavy gold crown on his head. His feet were supposed never to touch the earth, and when he left the palace to see the flowers, or get a breath of fresh air, he rode in a royal cart drawn by bullocks, and enclosed with bamboo curtains so that no one could see his sacred face.

The Japanese say that Mutsu Hito, the present emperor, is the one hundred and twenty-third ruler of Japan. They are very proud because they are the only nation in the world that has

had such a long line of rulers, all belonging to one family. They claim that it runs back, unbroken, for twenty-five hundred years.

The first seventeen of their mikados reigned in the days before there was any real history in Japan. Some of them are said to be the sons of dragons and sea-monsters, and their wonderful doings sound so much like the fairy tales in your story-books, that we cannot be sure whether they really lived or not.

But beginning with the eighteenth mikado, who began to reign in the seventh century after Christ, Japanese history is perfectly reliable. Even if we begin to count from this later date, we will find it quite true, as the Japanese say, that their dynasty is the oldest in the world.

Next to the mikado in rank was the shogun, or tycoon, as foreigners used to call him. He lived in a splendid palace at Yedo, and for hundreds of years was the real ruler of Japan.

Next in power to the shogun were the daimyos, or feudal princes, who owned all the land, and lived in great castles, and ruled the eighteen provinces of Japan. Part of each year they were obliged to live in Yedo.

Between Kyoto where the mikado lived, and Yedo, where the shogun lived, there was a great highway called the Tokaido, along which the

daimyos were constantly travelling. With their vassals they made a grand procession, gay with banners and umbrellas and gilded spears, that greatly delighted the people of the villages along the way.

Every man on horseback who met one of these processions, had to get down off his horse, and all the common people had to kneel on the roadside until it had passed by. If any one refused to do this he was put to death or severely beaten.

Next in rank were the samurai, or "two-sworded men," who served under the daimyos. They were the warriors of Japan, and always carried two swords, a long one to fight the enemy, and a short one to kill themselves in case they were wounded in battle and unable to escape.

The shogun, daimyos and samurai declared that the mikado was too sacred and too holy to govern the empire himself, so they shut him up in his palace in Kyoto and took the power into their own hands.

But since the Revolution of 1868, about which you will hear after a while, all this has been changed, and the emperor is now the real ruler of Japan.

Yet the people still believe that he is descended



OLDEN TIME SOLDIER

from the gods, and no one in Japan dare speak of him as though he were only a man.



The National Anthem—Kimi Ga Yo

The quaint old song, *Kimi Ga Yo*, which is always sung on the emperor's birthday, is the national anthem of Japan. The tune is very old and the people are very fond of it.

According to our ideas, Japanese music is by no means beautiful, and I feel quite sure that you will not like *Kimi Ga Yo* half as much as "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," or "The Star-spangled Banner," but of course the Japanese like it a great deal better.



Translated into English the words mean something like this :

Let the reign of the Emperor
Continue to a thousand, yea eight thousand
generations,
Until the tiniest pebble becomes a massive
rock,
With the clinging moss upon it.



The Invasion of the Mongol Tartars

The Japanese love their country very dearly and are quite as proud of it as we are of the United States.

“No foreign nation has ever ruled over us,” they say with a great deal of pride; “and no hostile army has ever been allowed to invade our islands.”

The only country that ever really tried to conquer Old Japan was China.

In the old days, in the twelfth century after the Lord Jesus came, China and Japan were great friends. Whenever a new emperor began to reign in either country, the other sent ambassadors to offer congratulations. But by and by, these friendly visits ceased, and for more than a hundred years China and Japan had very little to do with each other.

In the thirteenth century the Mongol Tartars came into power in China, and a great emperor

named Kublai Khan, began to reign. He conquered a great many of the countries round about China, and then some of his people told him about the little empire of Japan.

"It is a very wealthy country," they said, "full of gold and precious stones."

"Well, well," he cried, "I must take it, too, and add it to my great empire."

So, thinking it would be an easy matter to conquer a few islands, he sent an embassy to Japan to demand submission.

"We have come to take possession of your country in the name of our emperor, the great Kublai Khan," said these ambassadors when they reached Japan, "and to collect tribute money for him."

You can imagine how furiously angry this would make the Japanese. "We will never submit to your emperor!" they cried and sent the embassy back to China with little ceremony.

But Kublai Khan had made up his mind to have Japan. So he sent an army of ten thousand men to conquer it. They landed on one of the smaller islands, but the Japanese fought so bravely that they were soon forced to go back to China.

Still the Great Khan would not give up. The next thing he did was to send an embassy of

nine men "to talk the matter over." But this failed too. The Japanese would not talk to his ambassadors, but promptly cut their heads off!

"Does this little empire think it can resist my great power forever?" cried Kublai Khan in great anger, when he heard what had happened. "We will see. I will send my great ships over there, and that will bring it to terms."

In the seventh month of the year 1281, a great fleet appeared in Japanese waters. There were three thousand, five hundred Chinese junks, some of them larger than any the Japanese had ever seen before, and on board was a mighty army of more than one hundred thousand men. With great tassels flying at their prows, the junks sailed gaily up and anchored off the island of Kyushu.

Poor little Japan! It really looked as though great China was about to conquer her after all. But her people fought bravely, they were so determined to save their country from foreign rule.



A Japanese Hero

The stories of the heroes during this invasion seem almost too wonderful to be true.

One of them tells of the brave and daring

deed of Michiari, a Japanese captain, who had long been praying to the gods to give him a chance to fight against China. He had written his prayers on paper, then burned them up and swallowed the ashes !

And now his chance had come. Going out to the water's edge, in full view of the great Tartar fleet, like the giant Goliath in the Bible, he challenged the Chinese to come on shore and fight with him. But no one came, so he got two little boats and a few brave young soldiers and pulled out to the enemy's ships.

"He is crazy !" cried the Japanese on the shore.

"What does he mean ?" asked the Chinese on the ships. "Those two little boats are surely not coming out to attack our great junks. They must be coming to say their country is ready to surrender." So they let them come on without attacking them.

But alas, for the Chinese ! On and on went the brave little boats until they reached a great Tartar junk. Then Michiari and his brave companions threw out ropes with grappling irons, and climbed on board. A hard fight followed, but they set fire to the junk, captured everybody on board, including a high officer in the Chinese army, and were soon back home again, safe and unhurt.

It all happened so quickly that the rest of the fleet really did not know what was going on.



The Great Typhoon

The Japanese fought so bravely that they succeeded in keeping the Great Khan's army from landing on their islands. But, do what they would, they could not drive the fleet back to China.

So they began to pray to the gods to save Japan from the Tartars. The emperor wrote out a great many prayers on paper and gave them to one of the chief priests to carry to the shrines of the great sea-god at Isé.

Then a very strange thing happened. Japanese historians say that at noon, on the very day this priest arrived at Isé, a tiny cloud appeared which grew larger and larger until it filled the whole sky and made it as black as night.

Then, whirling along the coast came one of those awful typhoons they have in Japan. It burst upon the Chinese fleet with such fury that the ships were all destroyed and nearly the whole army was killed.

A few soldiers who escaped were cast on the island of Taka, and began at once to cut down trees to make new junks to carry them back to China.

But the Japanese soon found out where they were and what they were doing, and a bloody battle followed. All the Chinese were killed except three, who were sent home to tell Kublai Khan what had become of his great fleet and his mighty army.

Never again did the Chinese, or any other nation, send an army to Japan to try to take possession of it.

Six hundred years later, when Commodore Perry's fleet appeared in Yedo Bay, the Japanese thought it was another foreign invasion, and at once sent orders to the priests at Isé to pray that the sea-gods would send a typhoon to destroy the strange-looking ships.

But God had sent Commodore Perry on an errand of peace, as we shall see by and by, and this time, no typhoon came whirling along the coast to drive the foreigners away.

V

Getting Acquainted With Japan

An Unknown Land

ALL this time the people of Europe knew very little about Kublai Khan and the great empire of China. And they had never even so much as heard of the brave little empire of Japan, that the Great Khan tried so hard to conquer.

Ships in those days were so small and frail that it was really not safe to make long voyages in them.

Then, too, everybody believed that the earth was flat and carried on the shoulders of a great giant, so that there was danger of coming to the "jumping-off place." And the stories they told of the angry sea-gods that lived in the ocean, and the furious wind-gods that sent great storms, were enough to frighten anybody.

"If we sail very far away from home," the sailors would say, "we will come to the edge of the world, and the sea-gods will push us over, and we will never be heard from again."

And so it happened that for almost thirteen hundred years after the Lord Jesus came into the world, Japan was an unknown land, and

the people of Europe knew nothing about the beautiful islands lying in the path of the rising sun.



Marco Polo

One day in the year 1295, about two hundred years before Columbus discovered America, three strangers came knocking at the gates of the fine old mansion of the Polo family in Venice.

"Who are you?" demanded the gatekeeper, "and whence do you come?"

"We are the Polo brothers, Maffeo and Nicolo," was the answer; "and this is Marco, Nicolo's son. We have come from Cathay and have long been in the service of Kublai, the Great Khan."

More than twenty years before this time, the Polo brothers had left Venice to travel in the unknown countries of the Far East. As nothing had ever been heard from them, they had long since been given up as lost.

But now that they were growing old, they had come to spend their last years in the old home. While in China they had grown very rich, and sewed into the seams and linings of their coarse Tartar travelling dresses, they had brought great

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quantities of precious stones—rubies, emeralds, diamonds, pearls and sapphires of untold value.

Their old friends were very glad to see them and their fame soon spread throughout the city.

By and by, when a war broke out between Venice and Genoa, young Marco Polo was put in command of a great and powerful galley, as war vessels were then called. But alas! in a great sea fight he was captured by the enemy and carried off as a prisoner to Genoa.



Marco Polo's Book

Marco Polo was the greatest traveller of his day. While in the service of the Great Khan, he had made long journeys to distant parts of the world, and now that he was shut up in the prison at Genoa, he amused himself by telling stories of his adventures to his fellow-prisoner, Rusticiano of Pisa.

"Ah, Messer Marco," Rusticiano would say, as he listened eagerly hour after hour, "these stories are so wonderful that you must write them down in a book, so that all the world may read."

But in those days gentlemen of high rank like Marco Polo, did not know much about writ-

ing and thought it beneath their dignity to learn. Very few of them could do more than write their own names, and they were not at all ashamed of their ignorance.

For this reason, or some other—nobody knows just why—Marco Polo did not write the book himself but dictated it to Rusticiano, who, fortunately, was a writer of some repute. It is called "The Travels of Marco Polo," and is so full of quaint and interesting stories, that I hope you will read it for yourselves some day.

As there were no printing-presses at that time, Rusticiano was obliged to copy the whole book on parchment by hand. By and by other copies were made in the same way, and a few of them were illustrated by curious old drawings and paintings of the wonderful things Marco Polo had seen on his journeys.

You may be sure these old books, copied by hand, were very precious. They were so well taken care of that almost seventy-five of them are still in existence.

One of the oldest and most valuable is in the Great Library at Paris. Perhaps, if you ever go there, you may see it for yourselves.



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Zipangu

It was through Marco Polo and his famous old book written in 1298 in the prison at Genoa, that the people of Europe first learned that there was such a place as Japan.

I think you will be interested in hearing what he has to say about this unknown land. He calls it Zipangu and says it is one of the "Isles of India." Some of the things he tells are not true, as you will see. This was because he had never been there himself, but wrote only what the Chinese had told him.

"Zipangu is an Island towards the east in the high seas, fifteen hundred miles distant from the Continent," he says; "and a very great Island it is.

"The people are white, civilized, and well-favoured. They are Idolaters, and are dependent on nobody. And I can tell you the quantity of gold they have is endless; for they find it in their own Islands, and the King does not allow it to be exported. Moreover, few merchants visit this country because it is so far from the mainland, and thus it comes to pass that their gold is abundant beyond all measure.

"I will tell you a wonderful thing about the Palace of the Lord of that Island. You must know that he hath a great Palace which is en-

tirely roofed with fine gold, just as our churches are roofed with lead, insomuch that it would scarcely be possible to estimate its value.

“Moreover all the pavement of the Palace and the floors of the chambers are entirely of gold, in plates like slabs of stone, a good two fingers thick; and the windows also are of gold; so that altogether the richness of this Palace is beyond all belief.

“They have also pearls in abundance which are of a rose colour, but fine, big and round, and quite as valuable as the white ones.

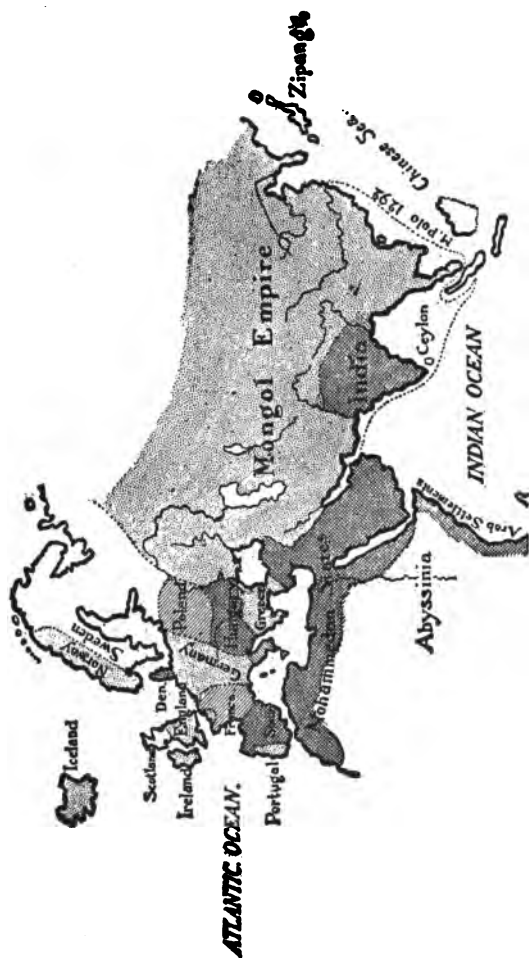
“In this Island some of the dead are buried, and others are burnt. When a body is burnt, they put one of these pearls in the mouth, for such is their custom. They have also, quantities of other precious stones.”

A little farther along in the book, Marco Polo tells of the efforts of Kublai Khan to get possession of this wealthy island. His story of the “Ivasion of the Mongol Tartars,” about which we have already heard, is full of interest, but quite different from the one that comes to us from Japan.



Searching for the Land of Gold

I am quite sure every boy and girl who



This was the small, flat world as known to civilization in A. D. 1300

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reads these stories knows all about Christopher Columbus, and how he discovered the great new world across the western seas.

But I wonder if you know that when he started out on his long voyage, it was not America, but the great island of Zipangu, he was trying to discover? Two hundred years had passed since Marco Polo told of its gold-roofed palaces and precious gems, but as yet, no one had been able to find it.

Columbus, you know, was born in the city of Genoa, where, long years before, Marco Polo's great book was written. Though we cannot be sure that he ever saw a copy of the book, we are quite certain that he knew all about the famous Venetian traveller and the wonderful journeys he had made to different parts of the world.

The maps of those days were very queer indeed, compared with those we have to-day. On the Toscanelli map that Columbus used, the great continent of America is nowhere to be seen. But Zipangu is there, lying in about the right place, east of Asia.

When Columbus set sail he carried with him letters from Ferdinand and Isabella to the Great Khan. He was trying to find a shorter route to the East Indies, where he hoped to find Zipangu.

Marco Polo, you remember, said it was one of the "Isles of India."

"Where is the land of gold?" he asked the Indians, when after his long voyage he landed on San Salvador. He felt sure this little island, so different from Marco Polo's description, could not be the great Zipangu.

In answer to his question, the Indians pointed south. This made Columbus think he had sailed too far north, and had landed on another of the East India islands. On a later voyage he sailed farther south, but with no better success.

In 1497, when John and Sebastian Cabot sailed away from English shores, they too were searching for Zipangu, the "land of gold." But they did not find either as you well know.



Mendez Pinto

Not until fifty years after Columbus discovered America did anybody find Zipangu, and then it was quite by accident.

In 1542, Mendez Pinto a Portuguese navigator who had been sailing about in the Eastern seas, took passage on a Chinese junk bound for

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China. With him were two other Portuguese named Diego Zaimoto and Christobal Baralho.

The commander of the junk was a pirate. Before long, in a fight with another pirate, the pilot of Pinto's junk was killed, and a terrible storm drove them far out to sea. For twenty-three days they drifted about in the great ocean, not knowing just where they were going.

But at last, when they had about given up hope, there was a glad cry of "Land! Land!" And there in the distance they saw a strange island. At once they began to steer for it, and in a few hours more, landed on its unknown shores.

It proved to be Tane-ga-shima, one of the islands of Japan, lying just south of Kyushu.

At last the long-searched-for Zipangu was found, and Mendez Pinto and his two Portuguese friends had the honour of being the first Europeans to set foot on its picturesque and lovely shores.



Pinto in Japan

The arrival of Pinto and his two friends at Tane-ga-shima caused the greatest excitement.

Never before had men like these been seen in Japan.

Like the sailors of Europe in the early days, the Japanese were afraid to sail very far out into the ocean. Their junks were small and frail, and they, too, had strange stories of the sea that filled their hearts with fear.

"The sea is full of a sticky liquid that winds itself around and around and around our junks," the sailors said; "and if we go too far out into it, we can never get back."

So, while they knew all about China and Korea, and some of the islands near by, they had no idea there were any other countries in the world. And now these strange-looking men had come, with their white faces, and heavy beards, and curious weapons, the like of which had never before been seen in Japan. Who could they be?

"They must be nobles of high rank like our *samurai*," the people decided when they saw that the strangers wore swords. So they received them kindly and treated them with great respect. The prince of the island listened eagerly to the stories they told of their far-away homes and of their adventures in the eastern seas. The day after they arrived, he gave them a house to live in right next to his own, and told them

they might go hunting or amuse themselves in any way they pleased.

Nothing about the newcomers interested the Japanese so much as the firearms they carried. These were queer old-fashioned guns called arquebuses, such as were used in the days before muskets were invented.

One day Pinto's friend, Zaimoto, created a great sensation by bringing down a brace of ducks that were too far away for the Japanese to reach with their arrows.

The people were so excited that they ran at once to tell the prince. When he heard what a wonderful thing Zaimoto had done, he adopted him as his own son, and lavished high honours upon him. In return, Zaimoto gave him an arquebus and taught him how to make gunpowder.

The Japanese, as you know, are very clever and very skillful, and in a little while they were making firearms quite as good as those the Portuguese had brought.

"When we left the island after almost six months," says Pinto, "they had already over six hundred guns, and in 1556, when I went again to Japan, all the towns in the kingdom were abundantly provided with these arms."

After a while, when the story of the white strangers and their wonderful weapons reached Otomo, the old and gouty prince of Bungo, he sent a letter to his son-in-law, the prince of Tane-ga-shima, begging him to send one of them to him. Pinto kindly agreed to go, and there, as at Tane-ga-shima, he was treated with great respect.

The first thing he did was to cure the old prince of the gout. This gave him a great reputation, and his fame soon spread throughout the province.

But, by and by, something happened that came near costing him his life. One day, when one of the young princes was playing with an arquebus in Pinto's house, the barrel burst, and he was seriously wounded. At once the angry courtiers came hurrying to the spot to take their revenge. But the young prince told him that it was all his own fault, for Pinto did not know that he was playing with the gun.

Fortunately Pinto was able to cure the wounds, and instead of being put to death, was richly rewarded. Not long after, he went back to Tane-ga-shima, and with his two friends, set sail for China.

When Pinto returned to Europe, he wrote a book about his travels, just as Marco Polo did.

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But the stories he told were so strange and so wonderful, that nobody believed them.

His countrymen even went so far as to nickname him "Pinto the Liar." They declared that his name must be, not Mendez Pinto but Mendaz, which means liar in their language.

Nevertheless they read his book, and liked it quite as much as we like "Robinson Crusoe."

Long years after, when more was known about the people and countries of the Far East, Pinto's stories were found to be true. Then they were sorry that he had ever been called "Pinto the Liar."



JAPANESE FALCONER

VI

Early Missions in Japan

The Story of Anjiro

IN 1547, when Pinto was again in Japan, a very strange thing happened. It did not seem very important at the time, but in the end it changed the whole history of Japan.

Just as Pinto's boat was pulling away at the end of this second visit, two men came running down to the shore.

"Take us on board!" they cried. "Take us on board! Our enemies are after us, and are trying to kill us!"

They begged so hard that Pinto took them into the boat, and not a moment too soon, for galloping furiously along the beach came a party of horsemen after them.

"Put those men ashore," they demanded, shouting at the tops of their voices.

But Pinto paid no attention to them and sailed away carrying the two fugitives with him. They proved to be Anjiro, a young *samurai* and his faithful servant. Anjiro had killed a man and was running away to save his life.

At first Anjiro did not seem to feel at all sorry for what he had done. But, by and by, he began to understand what an awful thing it is to

take a human life, and by the time he reached his journey's end, his sorrow for his sin was very keen.

At Malacca, Pinto met Francis Xavier, the great Portuguese missionary, and told him about the two young strangers he had brought with him from Japan. When he heard their story, Xavier became so much interested in them that he took them to his college at Goa, and taught them all about the Christian faith.

Here, at last, Anjiro found a way to get rid of his terrible burden of sin. Joyfully accepting the pardon offered by the Lord Jesus, he gave up his idols, and became a Christian—the first Christian convert of Japan.

When he was baptized he was given a new name, Paulo de Santa Fé, or Paul of the Holy Faith. His servant, who also confessed Christ, received the name of John.



The First Missionary to Japan

Francis Xavier has the honour of being the first missionary who ever went to Japan.

He was a Roman Catholic who believed in worshipping pictures and images, and praying



FRANCIS XAVIER

to the Virgin Mary and the saints, as all Roman Catholics do. But he was a good man, who longed to carry the name of the Lord Jesus to the very ends of the earth. He had already preached the Gospel in India and elsewhere in the Far East, and now he began to think about going to Japan.

"Do you think it would be any use for me to go to your country?" he asked Anjiro.

"My people would not become Christians right away," Anjiro answered; "but they would listen to you, and ask you a great many questions, and above all they would watch you to see if your conduct agreed with your words. This done, the daimyos, the nobles and the people would flock to Christ."

In those days going to Japan seemed almost like going out of the world, and Xavier's friends pleaded and pleaded with him not to leave them.

"You must not go so far away," they cried; "those dreadful storms in the eastern seas will upset your little junk, and you will never come back to us again. And who knows what the people of Zipangu will do to you if you try to teach them a new religion?"

But Xavier was brave as well as good, and his heart was full of love to Christ. He was ready

to face any dangers and suffer any hardships if only he might win souls for Him.

So, in 1549, he set sail for far-away Zipangu, taking with him Anjiro and his servant, and two helpers, one of them a priest.



The Sailing of Francis Xavier

When to Japan, the far distant,
Thought this man of God to go,
All assailed him with persistent
Words of warning and of woe.
Wind and weather, seas and surges,
Painted they before his eyes ;
Each some misadventure urges,
Each some peril prophesies.

Silence ! Speak not of the bitter
Tempest, nor of winds and seas,
Never Hero yet, nor Ritter,
Cared for such child-play as these.
Let the wind blow, and the weather ;
Flame of love by blowing grows ;
Let the billows rage together ;
Straight to heaven the billow goes.

Hey, then, leave the vain endeavour
To affright my soul with dread,
Soldier's heart, or Martyr's, never
Either powder feared or lead.

Spear and shaft and naked glaive or
Cannon, pistol, powder, all
Only make the soldier braver,
To the prize of honour call.

Let the wind and weather wrangling
Whet their horns in revel rout ;
Let the billows growling, jangling,
Toss the shattered wrecks about !
On the briny field may riot
North and South and East and West,
He whose heart within is quiet,
Never can be robbed of rest.

Who would not, the sea confronting,
Cross its thousand waves content,
If, with bow and arrows, hunting
Many thousand souls he went ?
Who at any wind would tremble,
Or its dripping pinions fear,
If he could but souls assemble ;
Souls beyond all measure dear ?

Ho, ye bellows strong and stately !
Ho, thou strong and lordly wind !
Never will I bow sedately ;
To withstand you is my mind !
Souls, yes, souls I must have ! Straightway
Saddle me my wooden steed ;
We must from the harbour's gateway
Gallop o'er the waves with speed.

—*Friedrich Spee.*

Xavier in Japan

If you will look at the map of Japan, you will find, in the southern part of the island of Kyushu, a little dot bearing the name, Kago-shima.

Here, on August 15, 1549, Xavier and his companions landed after their long, hard voyage across the seas from India. We must remember this date, for the coming of the first missionaries was a great event in the history of Japan.

The prince of the province welcomed them kindly, and, strange to say, gave them permission to teach the new religion wherever they pleased. Xavier was so eager to begin that he did not spend much time learning the Japanese language, but preached to the people at once in Portuguese, and Anjiro stood by to tell them what it meant.

For a time all went well. The people listened eagerly and never grew weary of looking at the pictures of the Child Jesus and Mary, His mother, that Xavier had brought from India.

Then, too, Anjiro proved to be a very good helper. Kagoshima was his old home, and his relatives, who still lived there, listened to him gladly, and were the first to confess Christ in the province.

But, by and by, there began to be trouble. The prince was jealous because the Portuguese had given firearms to the prince of Bungo and not to him. And the Buddhist priests were jealous because the people were more willing to listen to the foreign preacher than to them.

At last Xavier was forced to go away. Taking his helpers with him, he visited several other provinces, and almost everywhere met with good success.

But there was one place above all others to which Xavier longed to go. This was Kyoto, the sacred city where the emperor lived.

So, in the winter of 1550, when he found a company of Japanese merchants going there, he started with them. It was a dreadful journey, two months long, over a rough and hilly road, through snow-drifts and across mountain torrents. Poor Xavier suffered much, for they walked the whole way, and he was thinly clad and barefoot. To add to the discomfort, a civil war was going on, and the little company was in constant danger from hostile soldiers and armed bands of robbers.

But at last they reached Kyoto, only to find it in ruins! Great fires had been raging, and between the wars and the fires the city was al-

most deserted. All who could had fled to a place of safety.

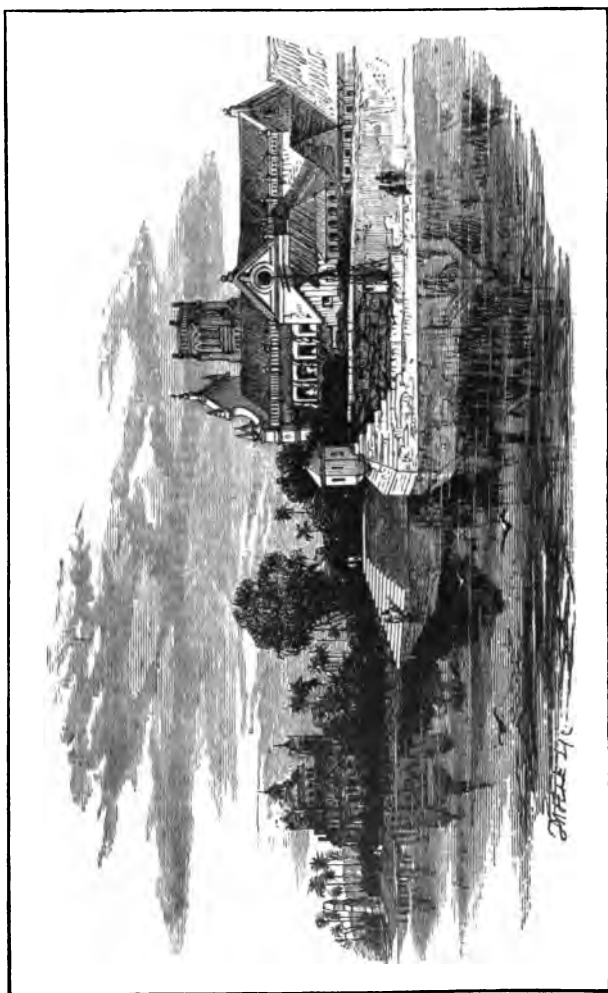
Xavier's great purpose in going to Kyoto was to see the emperor and talk to him about the Lord Jesus. But of course he was not allowed to do this. You and I could have told him that it was no use to ask to see the sacred emperor of Japan.

Next he tried to see the shogun who was then in Kyoto. But no one was admitted to the presence of the shogun without costly presents, and Xavier had very little money. So he had to give up this plan too.

Then he dressed himself as a beggar and went out into the streets to preach. But the Japanese do not like beggars and would not listen to him. Besides, they were so full of the war that was going on, that they did not want to hear about anything else.

At the end of two weeks, Xavier left Kyoto, and soon after set sail for China, hoping that he might preach the Gospel there.

But he never reached China, for, on December 2, 1551, he died on the little island of Sancien, off the coast near Canton. In the Church of Bom Jesus at Goa, there is a shrivelled mummy, which is said to be his body. It is worshipped by great numbers of Roman Catholic pilgrims to this day.



GOA, WHERE FRANCIS XAVIER IS BURIED

The Spread of Christianity

You must not suppose that Xavier's mission to Japan was a failure because the ending of it was so sad.

When he sailed away to China in 1551 he left the work in charge of the priest he had brought with him from India. By and by a great many other priests came to help, and the new religion spread very fast.

"We have seven churches in the region of Kyoto," the priests wrote home at the end of five years, "and twenty or more Christian congregations in the southwest."

The Japanese had really grown very tired of their dreary Buddhist religion which taught that, after death, the soul did not go to heaven, but was born again, perhaps this time not as a man, but as an animal of some sort—a cow, a monkey, or even a snake or a fly!

After the soul had been reborn in this way millions and millions of times, it at last went to sleep, never to wake up again. This sleep is called *Nirvana*.

It is a very sad belief and I do not wonder that the Japanese listened so eagerly to the story of the Lord Jesus, and were so glad to hear about the happy home He has prepared in heaven for all who truly love Him.

In 1581, thirty years after Xavier went away, there were two hundred churches in Japan and one hundred and fifty thousand native Christians. Japanese historians say that by the end of the century the converts numbered two millions, but we cannot be sure there were as many as that.

Among those who became Christians were many men of high rank, some of them daimyos and generals in the army. Then, too, the great Japanese statesman, Nobunago, who was next to the mikado in power, openly favoured the Christians and did everything he could to help their cause.

But there is one part of the story that you will be sorry to hear. Many of the Buddhist priests were terribly persecuted and some of them were even put to death because they refused to give up their old religion. Then, too, in some of the provinces the princes forced the people to become Christians.

"You must confess Christ," they said, "or leave the province and never come back again."

The result was that many became Christians only in name. It seemed far easier to accept the new religion than to go away and leave their homes.

Paying Homage to the Pope

One day in the year 1585 there was great excitement in the grand old city of Rome. Four young strangers, evidently nobles of high rank, were approaching the city, dressed in the rich and beautiful garments of an oriental country.

They were met by the body-guard of Pope Gregory XIII, and escorted through the streets by a great company of Italian nobles.

At the Vatican they kneeled down before the Pope and reverently kissed his feet. Then they presented to him letters, and costly gifts they had brought from their home across the seas.

"Who are they and why have they come?" I am sure you are asking these questions.

They are young nobles from Japan, two princes and two *samurai*, and they have come, in the name of the Japanese Christians, to pay homage to the Pope of Rome. In 1582 they had been sent on this mission by the Christian daimyos of Kyushu, but travel was so slow in those days, they had been three years on the way.

Such a wonderful time as they had! All Europe was interested in them, the first Japanese they had ever seen. Then, too, were they not heathen who had become Christians?

At Madrid and Lisbon, where they went to pay their respects to Philip II, King of Spain,

they were treated as royal guests, and at Rome a series of magnificent entertainments was given in their honour.

They spent about a year in Europe, and then set sail from Lisbon in a large and beautiful ship, taking with them seventeen priests to help with the work in Japan. In 1790, four years later, they arrived home full of wonderful stories about what they had seen and heard during their eight years' absence.

You will be interested to know that, a few years ago, some Japanese who were travelling in Rome, discovered, in an old Italian palace, the pictures of these young nobles, together with the letters and some of the gifts they brought to the Pope.

And in the museum at Madrid there are two fine old suits of Japanese armour which they gave to Philip II.



Trouble for the Priests

While the young Japanese princes were having such a gay time in Europe, great events were taking place at home.

In 1582 Nobunago, the friend of the Christians, died, and a great ruler named Hideyoshi

came into power. At first he paid no attention to the Christians, but by and by he began to suspect that they were trying to get possession of Japan and make it subject to one of the Roman Catholic kings of Europe.

One day a Portuguese sea-captain showed a map of the world to a Japanese official. With a great deal of pride he pointed out the countries belonging to Spain and Portugal.

"How is it that your king has such vast possessions all over the world?" asked the official.

"The king, my master, begins by sending priests who win over the people," answered the captain; "and when this is done, he dispatches his troops to join the native Christians, and the conquest is easy and complete."

"That is just what they are trying to do in Japan," cried Hideyoshi when the matter was reported to him. "We must put a stop to it at once."

So he issued an order commanding all foreign priests to leave Japan within twenty days. This was in 1587.

"We will obey your order," said the priests, "but we cannot go in twenty days, for there is no ship to carry us."

This was true, as Hideyoshi knew. So he lengthened the time to six months, but said

they must all go at once to the island of Hirado and wait there for a ship.

So to Hirado they went—sixty-five of them. When they got there, they decided not to leave Japan, after all, but to close their churches and stop preaching for a while. Then, at the invitation of some of the Christian princes, they went to different provinces and began to teach the people in their homes.

Hideyoshi knew what they were doing, but for some reason let them alone and said no more about their going away. For a time all went well. The number of Christians grew so rapidly that about ten thousand were added to the churches every year.

But in 1592 there began to be trouble again. Four Spanish priests came from Manila asking if they might build a house and live in Kyoto. Hideyoshi said they might, if they would promise not to preach to the people.

“Are you not afraid to let these Spanish priests come here?” asked the governor of Kyoto, anxiously.

“No,” Hideyoshi answered. “If they are wise, they will do as I have told them. If not, I will teach them to laugh at me.”

But the priests were neither wise nor honest. They soon broke their promise and went out to

preach in the streets wearing the peculiar dress of their order.

This made Hideyoshi furiously angry. At once he issued a new edict against all foreign priests, and ordered nine of them, together with seventeen Japanese Christians, to be put to death.

On February 5, 1597, they were crucified on bamboo crosses in the city of Nagasaki. Bravely, and even joyfully they met death, willing to endure any suffering rather than deny the Lord Jesus.

In Roman Catholic history they are known as the "Twenty-Six Martyrs." In 1862 they were declared to be saints by Pope Pius IX.



The Persecution of the Christians

This story is so sad and so terrible that I wish we might leave it out. But it is part of the history of Japan, and we cannot understand what follows without it.

In 1597, soon after the priests were crucified in Nagasaki, Hideyoshi died, and Iyeyasu, another great ruler, came into power. At first he seemed to favour the Christians, and for a while they lived in peace again.

But, by and by, he, too, began to think they were trying to get control of the government. In 1606 he issued an edict warning people to have nothing to do with "the evil sect called Christian," but, somehow, nobody seemed to pay much attention to it.

Five years later, Iyeyasu found, or at least claimed that he found, positive proof that the priests and native Christians were plotting against Japan.

One day, so he said, he found a large iron box hidden in an old well. In it was a great deal of silver and gold and a paper with the names of the chief conspirators written in blood taken from the tip of the ringleader's middle finger.

At once all Japan was in an uproar. You know how dearly they love their country and can well imagine how furiously angry they would be at any one who would try to steal it from them.

On January 27, 1614, Iyeyasu issued a great proclamation branding the priests as "enemies of the gods, of Japan, and of the Buddhas," and ordering them to leave the country at once.

Great numbers of them were sent to Macao, the Portuguese settlement in China, and to the Philippine Islands. But all this failed to stop

the growth of Christianity. Some of the priests stayed in hiding-places in Japan, and others returned secretly after being sent away.

Then began the awful persecutions of the Christians. Iyeyasu died in 1616, but his son gave orders to kill not only the priests, but every foreigner in Japan and all Japanese Christians who refused to give up the new religion. What followed is too awful to describe.

A few gave up their faith, but thousands and thousands of brave, true-hearted Christians, who were willing to die rather than give up the Lord Jesus, were tortured in the most horrible manner.

Some were crucified, others were sewed up in sacks and burned, and still others were thrown into great pits and buried alive.

And the little children! How frightened they were, and oh, how terribly they suffered! Thousands of them were put to death in the arms of their mothers who would rather have them die with them, than grow up as heathen children without Christ.

For twenty long years these awful persecutions went on. Then thirty thousand Christians in Kyushu made a brave stand for their lives.

In 1637 they fortified the old castle of Shima-

bara, in Nagasaki. But at the end of several months they were compelled to surrender.

Then began one of the most awful massacres ever known. Great numbers of Christians were put to death with swords or spears, while others were thrown alive into boiling springs near by. And it is said that thousands and thousands of them were thrown into the sea from the great rock Pappenberg, which still stands in Nagasaki harbour.

All honour to the Japanese Christians of the seventeenth century! Nowhere can we find stories of braver or more heroic martyrs than they.



Notice-Boards and Rewards

Though so many Christians had been put to death there were a great many people in Japan who still worshipped the Lord Jesus in secret.

The government was determined to hunt these out and put them to death. So everywhere in the country wooden notice-boards were posted up, offering rewards to those who would inform on them.

At the Ecumenical Missionary Conference held in New York in 1900, I saw one of these old

notice-boards with its quaint black characters almost all worn off by long exposure to the wind and rain. This is the translation of it:

JAPANESE EDICT OF 1682

The Christian religion has been prohibited for many years. If any one is suspected, a report must be made at once.

REWARDS

To the informer of a bataren (or father), 500 pieces of silver.

To the informer of an iruman (or brother), 300 pieces of silver.

To the informer of a Christian who had once relented, 300 pieces of silver.

To the informer of a Christian, or catechist, 300 pieces of silver.

To the informer of a family who shelters any of the above, 300 pieces of silver.

The above rewards will be given. If any one will inform concerning his own family, he will be rewarded with 500 pieces of silver, or according to the information he furnishes.

If any one conceals an offender, and the fact is detected, then the headman of the village in which the concealer lives, and the "five-men-company" to which he belongs, and his family and relatives will all be punished together.



Trampling on the Cross

With these offers of reward posted up all over the country, it was almost impossible to be a Christian in Japan without somebody finding it out.

But the government was so afraid that there might be, here and there, believers who worshipped the Lord Jesus in secret, that once every year they made all the people go through a curious ceremony called "trampling on the cross."

On the second day of the first month, an officer called the Christian Inquisitor, went to each house and laid on the floor a picture of Jesus on the cross. Then all the people in the house, father, mother, children, servants and any one else who lived there, were ordered into the room, and their names written down on a piece of paper.

When all was ready, they had to come forward, one at a time, as their names were called, and trample on the picture to show their hatred and contempt for the Lord Jesus. Even babies, who could not walk, had to be held by their mothers, for a few moments, with their tiny feet resting on the picture.

If any one refused to "trample on the cross," it was taken as proof that he was a Christian,

and he was either shut up in prison or put to death.

At first these pictures were only paper, but they wore out so quickly that wooden slabs were used instead. Then a brass-founder in Nagasaki took some bronze from the altar of a Christian church and made metal pictures that would never wear out.

They were five inches long, four inches wide and one inch thick, and were used for more than two hundred years.



BINDING A PRISONER

VII

The Closing of Japan

Japan's Great Wall

I WONDER if anybody has ever told you about a great wall that the Japanese built around their islands in the early part of the seventeenth century?

Not a real wall, to be sure, like that in China, but, a "wall of hatred to foreigners." It was not made of stone or of brick, but of strict laws, so strong that for more than two hundred years it kept the Japanese inside their islands and everybody else outside.

The Japanese began to make this strange wall about the year 1614 when they thought the priests and native Christians were trying to get possession of the government, and make them subject to a foreign king.

The first thing they did, as we already know, was to drive the priests out of the country and persecute the Christians.

Then they passed strict laws against Christianity, which they painted on notice-boards and posted up everywhere throughout the country, in the cities and villages along the roadsides, on the ferries and in the mountain passes.

On the Nihon Bashi, or Sunrise Bridge, in Tokyo, was one that read like this :

*So long as the sun shall warm the earth,
let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan ;
and let all know that the King of Spain him-
self, or the Christian's God, or the great God
of all, if he violates this command, shall pay
for it with his head.*

The next step was to order all foreigners to leave the country, except the Chinese and a few Dutchmen who had come from Holland to trade with the people.

Then, with the Christians all dead and the foreigners all gone, the Japanese began to feel safe again. But by and by they thought of a new danger.

"When our people go to foreign countries they will become Christians and bring the hated religion back with them !" they cried in dismay.

This would never do. So in 1621 a law was passed forbidding the people to leave Japan for any purpose whatever. If they went secretly, in defiance of the law, they were put to death when they came back. Even shipwrecked sailors, accidentally cast on foreign shores by wind

and tide, were not allowed to come home unless they came on Chinese ships, and even then they were sometimes put to death.

In 1624 the government ordered all vessels to be destroyed except the very smallest junks, and a law was passed forbidding any one to build a ship large enough to sail away to foreign countries.

At last the great wall was finished and the Japanese were shut up in their islands like prisoners, while foreigners were not allowed even to set foot upon their shores.



The Peep-hole at Deshima

In the queer wall that the Japanese built around their islands they left one little peep-hole, so that they could look out into the world and watch the other nations.

This was at Deshima, an odd little fan-shaped island in the harbour at Nagasaki, where a few Dutch merchants were allowed to have a station for trade.

You remember that when the foreigners were banished from Japan, the Chinese and the Dutch were allowed to stay. This was because the Chinese were heathen like themselves, and the

Dutch were Protestants, not Roman Catholics like the Spaniards and Portuguese. Then, too, I am sorry to say, the Dutch were not brave enough to acknowledge to the Japanese that they were Christians at all.

"Are you a Christian?" a Japanese official asked one of them.

"No," was the answer; "I am not a Christian, I am a Dutchman."

So the Dutch were allowed to stay, but in 1640 they were sent to live at Deshima where they were treated as prisoners and watched like spies.

The little island was connected with the mainland by a stone bridge at the end of which was a gate that was carefully guarded and always kept locked. No one could cross the bridge without permission, and boats were not allowed to pass under it.

"We have to put up with many insulting regulations at the hands of these proud heathens," one of the Dutchmen wrote home. "We may not keep Sundays nor feast-days, nor allow our spiritual songs or hymns to be heard; never mention the name of Christ; nor carry with us any form of the cross, or any sign of Christianity."

Once or twice a year ships came from Holland

bringing things from Europe to exchange for the gold, silver, camphor and beautiful porcelains, bronzes and silks of Japan.

It must have been an exciting time for the little colony when the great water gates of the harbour were opened and the big ship sailed in bringing news from home.

Another great event of the year was their annual visit to Yedo where they went to pay their respects to the shogun and carry him rich presents of many kinds.

When they entered the "Hall of a Hundred Mats" where the shogun sat behind a curtain, they were required to crawl on their hands and knees and bow again and again to the floor. When they went out they had to go backwards, "crawling exactly like a crab," so they said.

This ceremony over, they were expected to go through a great many ridiculous performances for entertainment of the lords and ladies of the court.

"We had to rise and walk to and fro," says one of them who wrote a famous book; "to exchange compliments with each other, then to dance, jump, represent a drunken man, speak broken Japanese, paint, read Dutch, and German, sing, put on our cloaks and throw them off again."

We can hardly understand how these staid and dignified old Hollanders could have been willing to do such absurd and foolish things. But they did it, as they themselves confess, "for the love of gain."

For more than two hundred years all that the world knew about Japan, and all that Japan knew about the world, came through the Dutch at Deshima.

The yearly visits to Yedo gave them a chance to see a little of the country, and several of them wrote valuable books on Japan that are read with great interest even at this late day.

It is said that the good old custom of making calls on New Year's day, that your fathers and mothers know all about, came from Japan at this time.

The New Year is the greatest of all holidays in Japan, and everybody calls on everybody else. When the Dutch wrote home about this pretty custom, the Hollanders adopted it for themselves, and by and by brought it with them to New York.



Knocking at the Gates

During the long two hundred years that Japan was closed to foreigners, nation after

nation, England, France, Russia and our own United States, came knocking at her tight-shut gates.

But it was of no use. She would not let anybody in. Sometimes she did not even take the trouble to find out who was knocking, but just turned her guns on them and drove them away.

Then, too, the Roman Catholic missionaries tried again and again to get in. Some of the bravest and most daring of them actually succeeded in persuading the captains of vessels sailing near Japan, to leave them on the shores of some little island. But in every case the Japanese found it out, and they were either thrown into prison or put to death.

At last the Protestant missionaries tried to see what they could do.

In 1837 some shipwrecked sailors from Japan were cast upon the coast of China. In some way they were brought to the notice of Gutzlaff, the great German missionary, who became very much interested in them.

"Perhaps this is our chance to get into Japan," he said. "If we treat these sailors well, and take them back home, the Japanese will surely receive us kindly."

So a company of American merchants in China fitted out the good ship *Morrison*, and set

sail for Japan. On board were the shipwrecked sailors, together with Dr. Gutzlaff and S. Wells Williams, another great missionary.

But alas! first in one port, then in another, the ship was fired on, and there was nothing to do but go back to China.

The poor Japanese sailors were very grateful for the kindness that had been shown them. For many years two of them stayed with Dr. Gutzlaff and two with Dr. Williams to teach them the language. With their help, the books of Genesis and Matthew and the Gospel and Epistles of John were translated into Japanese long before the way was open for the missionaries to begin their work.



The Story of a Japanese Basket

It was, as we know, quite impossible for missionaries to go to Japan at this time, but Christians everywhere were praying that God would soon open the tight-shut doors, and let the Gospel in.

In 1827 a Christian merchant in Brookline, Massachusetts, invited some of his friends to come to his house and pray that the whole wide world might soon belong to Jesus.

"Ought we not to give our money as well as our prayers?" some one asked at the first meeting.

This suggestion was approved by all, and it was decided to take up a collection every time they met.

"But what shall we do with the money?" some one else asked.

On the table stood a pretty little Japanese basket that had been brought from across the seas in a ship belonging to the merchant.

"Suppose we give it to Japan," he said, taking the basket in his hand and showing it to his friends. "I know that missionaries cannot go there now, but I am sure that God will open those tight-closed doors, and when He does, money will be needed for the work."

In a few years their gifts amounted to six hundred dollars. This was handed over to the American Board for safe keeping, and by the time the missionaries were allowed to go to Japan, it had grown to more than four thousand dollars.



VIII

The Opening of Japan

Commodore Perry

ONE bright beautiful day in July, 1853, a fleet of four American ships sailed up into Yedo Bay, under the command of Commodore Perry, his flag-ship, the *Susquehanna*, leading.

Two were men-of-war, the first steamships in our navy, and they bore the first message from the outside world to which the government of Japan had deigned to respond for two hundred years.

The blue waters dimpled and flashed in the sunlight, the fresh breeze sent flag and pennon streaming from the mast, as steadily, swiftly forward moved the ships, with their greetings from young America to old Japan.

The Bay of Yedo is very beautiful, with heavily-wooded shores and high bluffs rising up from the sea. Then, as now, the glorious white dome of Fujiyama pierced the sky, towering over the hills twenty miles away. But where now the shores are covered with the docks and warehouses of Yokohama, the busiest seaport of Japan, then there were only a few rude fishermen's huts.

But there were villages and castles hidden away among the trees, and the people gathered from every direction to watch the strange vessels that came sweeping up the bay. They had never seen steamships before, and as the stately ships moved on without wind, or tide, or oars, they were filled with wonder, and thought they were moved by magic.

An alarm was hurried off to the capital, twenty-five miles up the bay, and the fleet was quickly surrounded by little boats full of natives, eager to go on board. But they were promptly ordered off, for Commodore Perry would have nothing to say to any one not an envoy sent directly by the emperor.

The Japanese wondered more and more. This was not the way the Dutch and Chinese acted, and the little boats crept back dismayed, or circled round and round, watching every movement, and trying to guess its meaning.

As the sun dropped behind the hills, the sunset gun pealed out from the *Susquehanna*. The rocks caught up the roar, and sent it thundering back across the water. It was America's knock at the gates of Japan.

Do you wonder, as the Japanese did, why these ships were there?

Some years before, when a number of Ameri-

can sailors had been shipwrecked on the coast of Japan, they had been kept as slaves and treated very cruelly. Then, too, the *Morrison* which took back the shipwrecked Japanese sailors from China was an American vessel, and the Japanese forts had fired upon her.

All this made the United States very indignant, and she determined that her sailors and merchant vessels should be protected, and that Japan must recognize the rights of other nations.

And behind all these plans and purposes of men, lay God's plan for teaching the Japanese about Himself.

All that first night in Japanese waters,—the eighth of July it was—the fires were kept burning and steam up ready for action. As the sparks flew from the smoke-stacks and the natives heard the heavy pulsings of the engines, they believed that the strangers had chained a volcano in the hold and made it work for them.

Many a Japanese mother, as she hushed her baby to sleep that night, prayed to be saved from these terrible monsters that had come up out of the deep.

It would take too long to tell you all the delays and excuses the Japanese made in opposing Commodore Perry's mission, but he would not put off, and at last was allowed to deliver, with

a great deal of pomp and ceremony, a letter he had brought from President Fillmore to the emperor of Japan. It was not given to the emperor himself, of course, but to one of the high officials of his court.

Then, saying that he would return again the next year, he sailed away, giving the Japanese plenty of time to think about it.—*J. W. Judd, in Children's Work for Children.*



Keeping Sunday in the Bay of Yedo

Commodore Perry was a brave sailor and a wise commander, but, best of all he was a true "soldier of the cross."

He was sent to Japan to try to open the country to trade, but he did not forget that if he succeeded, he would open it to the Gospel as well.

On Sunday, July 10th, while his fleet was at anchor in Yedo Bay, he gave the people a beautiful object-lesson on the right keeping of the Sabbath Day. The Japanese were greatly interested in the wonderful ships and every day boat-loads of officials had been allowed to come on board and examine them. But on Sunday, when they came as usual, they were told that

no visitors could be received because it was the day on which Americans worship God.

When the hour for divine service came, an American flag was spread over the capstan, and a Bible was laid on it. Then Commodore Perry asked the chaplain to give out the hymn, "Before Jehovah's Awful Throne."

They sang it to the tune, "Old Hundred." As the band began to play and the grand old hymn echoed over the water, it could be heard by the Japanese in the little boats around the ships, and by the great crowds that gathered along the shore.

Do you wonder why Commodore Perry chose this hymn? If you will study it carefully, I think you will soon see for yourselves.



Before Jehovah's Awful Throne

Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create, and He destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
And when, like wand'ring sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

We are His people, we His care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame :
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name ?

We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love ;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.



Uncle Sam's Presents to the Mikado

When Commodore Perry returned to Japan in February, 1854, the Japanese were not very glad to see him. They had hoped he would never come back again.

This time he had ten ships instead of four, and he sailed up the Bay of Yedo twelve miles nearer the capital than before. The Japanese were very much frightened and insisted on his moving down the bay again, to the place where he had anchored the first time.

But Commodore Perry thought it best to stay where he was. He was very polite and very courteous, but determined to have his own way.

So at last the Japanese had to give in, and let him do as he pleased.

There were long delays, and many consultations, but at last a treaty was arranged between the United States and Japan. Then, one day, not long before it was signed, Commodore Perry sent on shore several boat-loads of presents that the President of the United States had sent to the Mikado.

Among them was a telegraph line and a miniature train of cars that I am sure would have pleased you quite as much as it did the Japanese.

Posts were set up and the telegraph wires stretched between two houses about a mile apart. Then the operators began sending messages from one end to the other, and the Japanese looked on in amazement. Day after day great crowds gathered to watch the wonderful instruments work.

"It talks Japanese, as well as English or Dutch!" they cried in delight when they found the operators could send messages in their language too.

But most of all were they delighted with the little railway train. And no wonder. It had a "rosewood car, tiny velvet seats, real windows that slid up and down, and a baby engine that flew around the track a mile in three minutes."

Of course the Japanese could not get inside the little car for it was just about large enough for a child six years old. But they did not propose to be cheated out of a ride, so, one at a time, they sat on top and rode around the track.

It must have been a funny sight. You would have laughed indeed to see those dignified old Japanese officials with their loose robes and hanging sleeves flapping in the wind, holding on to the roof of the car and grinning with delight, as the little engine, puffing with all its might, whizzed around the track.

Whenever the whistle blew, the crowds of people who stood by gave a great shout of delight.

In return for these gifts the Japanese gave Commodore Perry a great many beautiful things to carry back to the United States, rich and costly silks, beautiful boxes, trays and tables in their famous lacquer work, and exquisite pieces of porcelain decorated with figures and flowers of gold.



The Dinner Party on the Powhatan

While Commodore Perry's fleet lay at anchor in the Bay of Yedo, the Japanese and the Americans grew to be very good friends.

When the Japanese came on board the ships they were always exceedingly polite, but they examined everything with the greatest curiosity.

They were wonderfully interested in the uniforms of the officers and the jackets and trousers of the sailors, so different from the queer clothes they wore themselves. But nothing delighted them so much as the buttons! I suppose this was because they do not use buttons in Japan, but tie their clothing with strings.

The Japanese officials were afraid to be too friendly with the American officers, yet they, too, had many pleasant times on board the big ships. Whenever they came, the Americans were impressed with their good breeding and polite and courteous manners.

One day Commodore Perry sent an invitation to the five commissioners with whom he had negotiated the treaty, to come and dine with him on his flag-ship, the *Powhatan*.

Great preparations were made for this important visit. The quarter-deck was gaily decorated with flags, and the whole ship put in "apple-pie order." Both officers and men donned their finest uniforms to show honour to their guests.

When the commissioners arrived with a great company of attendants, almost sixty in number,

they were taken all over the ship and shown every part of it.

Then they were escorted down to the commodore's cabin, where a fine feast was spread. At the table were seated Commodore Perry, the Japanese commissioners, and the captains of the squadron. The rest of the party were served, with the under officers, at a great table under the awning on the quarter-deck.

Commodore Perry's French cook had taken a great deal of trouble with the dinner, and a fine affair it was, with everything good to eat that could be thought of.

The Japanese enjoyed it very much and seemed to think the foreign food was very good. Such appetites as they had! They ate and ate and ate, and then, in accordance with the rules of Japanese etiquette, carried home what was left.

Inside their loose robes the Japanese have a pocket in which they always carry a good supply of paper of different kinds. One kind, as soft and fine as cambric, is used as a pocket handkerchief; another serves as writing material for taking notes; still another is used for wrapping parcels.

At the end of the feast, the great commissioners, gravely taking out long rolls of this

paper, wrapped up various kinds of food, sweet and sour all mixed together, and carried it home in their sleeves!

A few days later, the Japanese officials invited the Americans to a feast on shore. It was an elaborate affair, but I do not think, from the stories they tell, that the Americans liked the Japanese food half as much as the Japanese liked the American food.

Indeed I am very much afraid they went back to their ships a wee bit hungry, and with a very poor idea of Japanese cooks.



Sam Patch

One of the sailors on board the *Powhatan* was a young Japanese. His real name was Sentaro, but the sailors called him Sam Patch.

Do you wonder how a Japanese sailor came to be on board an American man-of-war?

Some months before, an American vessel had rescued the crew of a disabled Japanese junk in the Pacific Ocean, and carried them to San Francisco. A little later they were sent to China and put on board Commodore Perry's flag-ship. But when they found it was bound for Japan,

they all refused to go except Sam Patch. They were afraid they would be put to death.

When they got to Japan, Sam Patch was very anxious to let his friends know that he was alive and well. He did not dare to go home, so he wrote a letter and asked the captain of the *Powhatan* to give it to the Japanese officials.

You can imagine how surprised they were to find that one of the *Powhatan's* crew was a Japanese.

"We would like to see him," they said.

So, next time they came on board, Sam Patch was ordered on deck. But, poor fellow! when he saw them, he fell down on his face before them in abject terror. The captain told him not to be frightened, that no one could harm him on board an American ship. But still he crouched down in fear, and shook so violently that he was soon sent below.

Just before the fleet sailed away, a party of officials came on board to ask Commodore Perry to let Sentaro stay in Japan and go back to his old home.

"His friends are very anxious to see him," they said.

"It must be just as Sentaro wishes," replied the commodore. "But, if he stays, you must

promise me that he will not be harmed in any way."

Once more Sam Patch was called up to meet his countrymen. But, just as before, he was terrified, and say what they would, the Japanese officials could not induce him to go away with them.

So he stayed on the *Powhatan*, and soon after, came to the United States with the rest of the crew. Mr. Goble, a young marine who had been very kind to him, took him to his own home in the state of New York, and gave him lessons in English and taught him all about the Lord Jesus Christ.

Mr. Goble was an earnest Christian who longed to carry the Gospel to Japan. When he heard of Commodore Perry's expedition, he enlisted in the fleet because he thought he might learn something about the people and the country that would help him if the way was ever open for him to be a missionary there.

Commodore Perry was very kind to Mr. Goble. As a reward for good behaviour, and for a special service he had rendered the fleet in the Loo Choo Islands, he was allowed to go on shore a great deal oftener than the other men. In after years when he returned to Japan, accompanied by

Sam Patch, the knowledge he gained in this way was a great help to him.



The Treaties

Commodore Perry's treaty with Japan was signed at Kanagawa, March 31, 1854.

By it, two ports were opened to American trade, an American consul was allowed to live in Japan, kind treatment was promised to shipwrecked American sailors, and coal and provisions were furnished to American vessels stopping at the open ports.

In August, 1856, the Honourable Townsend Harris, the first consul of the United States to Japan, arrived at Shimoda. I am sorry to say that the Japanese were not very glad to see him, and at first tried to send him away. But he was so wise and so kind and so patient, that they soon learned to trust him and to love him very much.

One day when he was so very ill that they thought he would die, the shogun sent two native doctors from Yedo.

"You must cure him at once," was the order ;
"if he dies, it may cost you your lives."

With no companion but his Dutch secretary,

Mr. Hensken, Townsend Harris' life at Shimoda was a very lonely one. But, like Commodore Perry, he was a Christian man, and worshipped God even in this heathen land.

"I refuse to see any one on Sunday," he wrote in his diary, "for I am resolved to set an example of the proper observance of the Sabbath. I will try to make it what I believe it is intended to be—a day of rest."

In 1857 when he went to Yedo to visit the shogun, he was unwilling to travel on the Lord's Day, so he stayed over Sunday at the little village of Kawasaki. There, in his own room, with no one present save his faithful secretary, this great Christian statesman read the service for the day from the Common Book of Prayer.

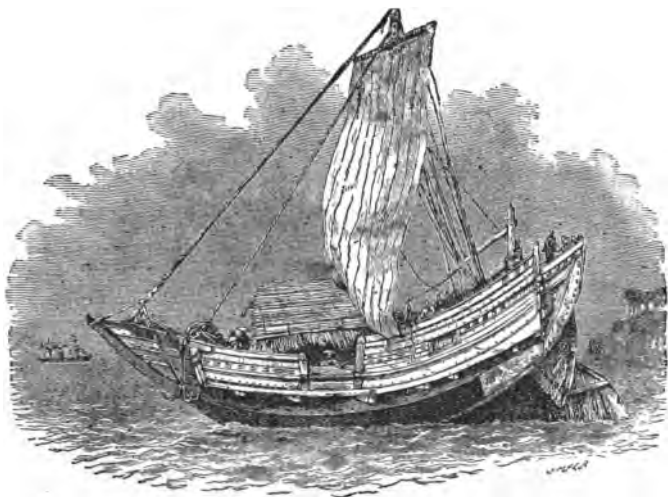
By and by, in 1858, he secured a new treaty with the Japanese that granted more privileges than the one they made with Perry in 1854. It opened several new ports, and, best of all, gave Americans permission to live in Japan. A few weeks later a similar treaty was signed with England, and shortly after with other nations also.

At last Japan was open to foreigners, but they were given very few privileges and were hedged about with many restrictions.

They could not live anywhere but in the treaty

ports, and there only in little sections of ground called "Foreign Concessions." No one could sleep outside the treaty limits for even a single night without a special permit, or travel more than twenty-five miles in any direction without a passport from the government.

Not until 1899 was all this changed. Then new treaties, that were signed in 1894, took effect, giving foreigners permission to live wherever they pleased in Japan, and to travel all over the empire without asking for a passport.



JAPANESE JUNK

IX

The Coming of the Missionaries

The First Protestant Missionaries

WHEN the news reached America that Commodore Perry had opened Japan, there was great rejoicing, and Christian people at once began to talk about sending missionaries there.

But the way was not yet fully open, for by the terms of Perry's treaty, no foreigners save the consuls, were allowed to live in Japan. So they had to wait five years longer until Townsend Harris' treaty took effect.

In this treaty, July 4, 1859, was named as the day on which Japan would be open to Americans. But even before this date, the missionaries began to arrive, and within a year seven of them were at work in Japan.

First of all, on May 2d, came the Rev. John Liggins of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America, who has the high honour of being the first Protestant missionary to enter Japan. A month later he was joined at Nagasaki by the Rev. C. M. Williams of the same church, who was afterwards made bishop of Japan.

Next came Dr. and Mrs. Hepburn of the American Presbyterian Church who landed at

Kanagawa, October 18th. The first house they lived in was a Buddhist temple filled with idols, but they soon had it cleaned out, and turned it into a happy Christian home.

In November, the Rev. S. R. Brown and Dr. Simmons, of the Reformed Church in America, arrived at Kanagawa, and in December, the Rev. Guido F. Verbeck landed at Nagasaki.

In April, 1860, the Rev. Mr. Goble, the young marine who served on Perry's flag-ship, came to start work for the American Baptist Free Missionary Society. And with him came our old friend Sentaro, or Sam Patch as the sailors called him.

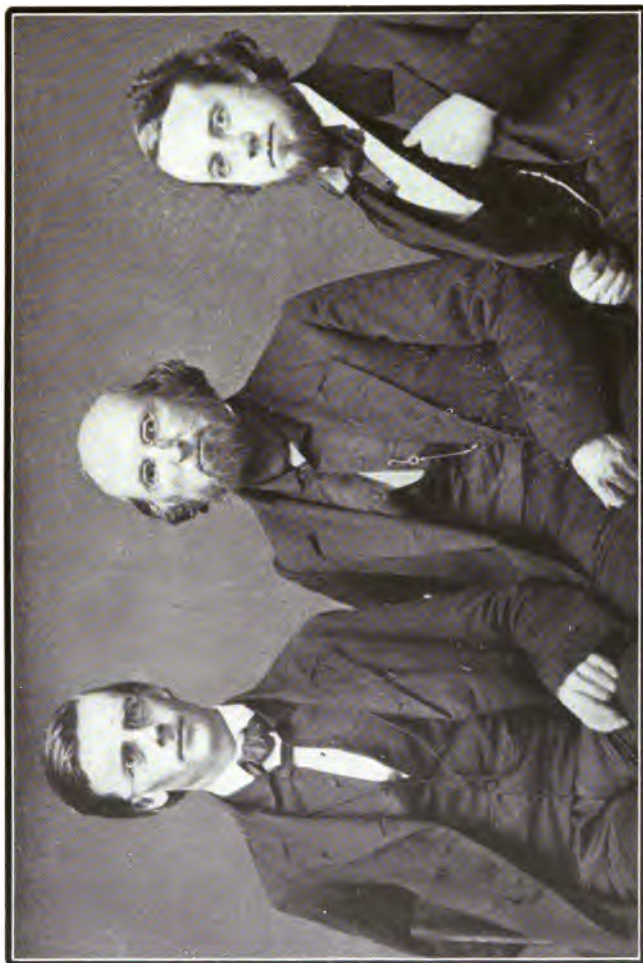
Each of these seven missionaries did noble work, and two of them, Dr. Hepburn and Dr. Verbeck, became very famous. They are, I think, regarded as the greatest of all the missionaries who ever went to Japan.



The Return of the Roman Catholics

As soon as the treaties were signed the Roman Catholic priests began to go back to Japan to take up the work begun by Xavier in 1547.

After the terrible persecutions of the seventeenth century, the Japanese thought they had



VERBECK. BROWN AND SIMMONS. 1859.

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gotten rid of all the Christians. But they were mistaken. Here and there in Japan were little companies of secret believers that neither persecutions, nor savage laws, could keep from worshipping God and loving the Lord Jesus.

But nobody knew this until 1865. Then it was discovered by the priest who had charge of a large Roman Catholic church erected in Nagasaki in memory of the "Twenty-six Martyrs" crucified in 1597.

One day in March, 1865, this priest found about fifteen people standing in the doorway of his church. When he went to the door, three old women kneeled down beside him, and said in a low tone :

"The hearts of us all here do not differ from yours."

"Indeed," said the priest greatly surprised ;
" whence do you come ? "

They told him the name of their village, adding, " At home everybody is the same as we are."

Then they began to ask him questions, but when they heard somebody coming, they all ran away. In a few minutes they came back, laughing at their fright, for the newcomers were friends.

" They are the people of our village," they said. " They have the same hearts as we."

The joy of the priest was very great. He had worked five years with no results, but this reward was great enough to pay for all his trials.

At Easter time in April, fully fifteen hundred people came to the church, and in May it was found that about twenty-five hundred Christians were scattered in the country round about Nagasaki. Not long after, a little company of them came from an island near by. Their leader, a Japanese named Peter, said that there were Christians all over Japan, and that in one place there were at least a thousand Christian families.

When the Japanese officials heard about the great crowds of Christians coming to worship in the church, they arrested a great many of them, and very soon the awful persecutions began again.

Many of the Christians were beaten and tortured and cast into prison. Others, perhaps four thousand in all, were driven from their homes, and scattered in other provinces, where they were put to work in the mines.

You will be glad to hear that the Western nations, Roman Catholic and Protestant alike, were not slow to tell Japan what they thought of her for persecuting people just because they were Christians.

They said so much about it, that at last, in

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1872, most of the prisoners were set free and the exiles allowed to go back to their homes.



Working Under Difficulties

Very few people know what hard times the missionaries had during those first years in Japan.

The common people were friendly enough, but the upper classes hated foreigners with a bitter hatred, missionaries and merchants alike, and they were in constant danger.

"The foreigners have no right to come here and live on our sacred soil," declared the proud *samurai*, with their hands on their two sharp swords. "Let us drive them out of our land."

Every day the missionaries expected their lives to be taken, or their houses to be burned down over their heads. Between the years 1861 and 1864 there was so much trouble that several foreigners connected with the legations were assassinated, and some new buildings of the British legation were blown to atoms.

I am glad to tell you that none of the missionaries were harmed in any way. But their hearts were often sad because there was so little they could do. It was no use to talk to the peo-

ple about the Lord Jesus, for they were afraid of His very name.

The notice-boards, with their warnings against "the evil sect called Christian," were still posted up all over the country. If any one mentioned the subject of Christianity to a Japanese, he at once put his hand to his throat to show the danger he was in.

So for a long time the missionaries could do nothing but learn the language and translate a few tracts and parts of the Bible into Japanese.

At first no one would help them with the language, but at last a few teachers were willing to come to them. It was afterwards found that most of these were spies sent by the government.

"When I came to your house to teach you Japanese," said one of Dr. Hepburn's teachers long afterwards, "I did it because I thought it would give me a good chance to kill you."

Little did the great missionary know of the danger he was in as day after day he patiently studied the strange characters, with the polite little Japanese teacher bowing and smiling at his elbow.

But the missionaries were so kind and so patient that by and by the Japanese found out that they were not enemies, but friends. Dr. Hep-

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burn was what we call a medical missionary. He had been a doctor in New York City, and now in far-away Japan, was able to win many hearts by his skill in curing diseases and healing wounds.

After awhile the missionaries found another way to reach the people. The young Japanese were so eager to learn English that they were willing to come to foreigners to be taught. So some of the missionaries took private pupils in their homes, and others accepted positions in the government schools.

Of course they were not allowed to teach Christianity, but their influence was so strong that in after years many of their pupils became Christians.



Making a Dictionary

Did you ever think what a great, useful book your "Webster's Unabridged" or your "Century" is?

Father and mother often send you to it when you are asking, "What does this mean?" and I am sure you are surprised that this book knows all about it. Indeed you will find that you will live and learn a long lifetime before you will

know quite all that is in an English dictionary ; and if you will think enough about it, you will have a great respect for the man who made it.

But now suppose you look at a fan or a tea-box and see in what odd characters the Japanese language is written, and then think of a man that could make a dictionary in *that* language !

Do you know that the famous missionary, Dr. Hepburn has really done this great piece of work ? And the dictionary he has made is so complete that wise men say it is "the book of books for those who learn the Japanese language."

Mrs. Hepburn has told us a little about how this great work was begun. When first she and her husband went to Japan, they found nothing to help them with the strange language, so they had to depend entirely upon their own ears. Mrs. Hepburn kept a little tablet fastened to her belt, and by pointing and asking, "What is this?" was able each day, to write down some new word.

From this little beginning the dictionary grew, until, after thirteen years' hard work, it was at last completed.

It is just from such beginnings as this that the Bible has been translated into almost every land where the Gospel is carried. God's mis-

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sionary servants, need to have wise heads as well as strong hearts, do they not?—*Children's Work for Children.*



A Floating Bible

In 1854, soon after Perry sailed away, an English fleet anchored in Nagasaki harbour. The Japanese were greatly excited and at once sent Wakasa, a brave and trusted soldier, to guard the city with his army.

One day as he was going the rounds of the harbour in his boat, he found a little book floating on the water. Such queer printing as it had, and such odd binding! It surely was a book, yet Japanese books did not look at all like that.

"I must find out what it is," Wakasa said, as he turned its pages curiously. It was a Dutch New Testament, but not for a long time did he find this out. Then a Dutch interpreter told him, adding that it was a good book that told of God and of Christ.

When the English fleet sailed away, Wakasa went back home to Saga. But somehow he could not forget the little book. At last he sent

one of his men, secretly, to Nagasaki to find out more about it from the Dutch.

"You can get a copy of it in Chinese at Shanghai," they told him.

So he sent at once to Shanghai; for his master, like all high-class Japanese could read anything printed in Chinese. When the book came, Wakasa and his friends began to study it.

Eight long years they pored over it alone, trying to understand it. Then, one day, Wakasa said to his young brother, Ayabé.

"I want you to go to Nagasaki and ask the foreign teachers what these things mean."

At Nagasaki, Ayabé found Dr. Verbeck, and with another young Japanese, "formed a little Bible class of two," the first this great missionary ever taught in Japan.

After awhile Ayabé had to go away to take a government position. Then Wakasa sent Motono, one of his men, back and forth carrying questions to Dr. Verbeck and bringing his answers back again. It was a long way from Saga to Nagasaki, two hundred miles or more, yet for almost three years the Bible class was kept up in this strange way.



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The First Converts

Early in 1866 Dr. Verbeck received a letter from Wakasa. "I am coming to hang myself in your honourable eyelids," it said in quaint Japanese phrase.

On May 14th, he arrived, bringing with him his two sons, his brother Ayabè, his friend, Motono, and quite a large train of followers.

After talking with them long and earnestly, Dr. Verbeck felt sure that Wakasa, Ayabè and Motono were true Christians. So on Sunday evening, May 20th, he baptized them in the parlour of his home. After the service Wakasa told the story of the Bible he had found in Nagasaki harbour.

You can imagine how the missionaries rejoiced over these converts. They had been in Japan seven long years, yet up to this time only one man had become a Christian. This was Yano Riyu, who was baptized in Yokohama in 1864, and died soon after.

But now these three men of high rank had come, confessing Christ! It seemed almost too good to be true.

When Wakasa and his friends returned to Saga they bravely confessed what they had done, though they knew it might cost them their lives. The government declared that they

must be punished according to law, but I am glad to tell you that nothing was ever done to them except to burn some of their books.

Wakasa died in 1872, but he had lived so faithfully that in 1880 his daughter and her servant went to Nagasaki to be baptized. Through the work of this servant a church was afterwards started in Saga.

A few years later, Wakasa's granddaughter became a Christian, and in 1890 his grandson entered the Christian college known as the Doshisha. He brought with him, as a present to the school, a large English Bible that had been given to his grandfather thirty years before.

Do you not think it very wonderful that such great results should come from one little Testament found floating on the water?

If you will take your Bibles and turn to the tenth and eleventh verses of the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, you will find a great promise of God that was fulfilled at this time.



The First Protestant Church in Japan

Not until the year 1872, thirteen years after the first missionaries landed in Japan, was it possible to organize a native church.

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It had been slow work, and up to this time only ten Japanese had become Christians. But now, better days began to dawn.

In January, 1872, during the Week of Prayer, all the missionaries and Christian foreigners in Yokohama met together to pray for God's blessing on Japan. Strange to say, some of the young Japanese who had been studying English with the missionaries, came too.

I am afraid that at first they came merely out of curiosity. But, as they listened to the reading of the Bible, and heard the earnest prayers, they began to be interested themselves.

One day a wonderful thing happened. Some of the Japanese began to pray in the meeting! On their knees, with tears streaming down their faces, they pleaded with God to pour out His Spirit on Japan as He had done on the early church. This has been called the "first Japanese prayer-meeting," and a wonderful meeting it was. Every heart was touched as these young men poured out their souls to God.

"The prayers of these Japanese take the heart out of us," said the captain of a war-ship who was present.

Week after week, until the end of February, the meetings went on. Then, on March 10, 1872, in a little stone chapel standing on Com-

modore Perry's treaty ground, the first Protestant church in Japan was organized.

It was called "The Church of Christ in Japan," and started with eleven members, nine of them young men who had found Christ in the meetings, and two older men who had been baptized before.



Imayo

Very soon churches began to spring up all over Japan, and the missionaries found that they needed Japanese hymn books as well as Bibles and dictionaries.

So in 1890, one was issued with nearly three hundred hymns. Most of the tunes in it are the sweet ones that we love here in America, but a few of them are native Japanese airs.

One of these is a quaint old tune called "*Imayo*." Since we cannot understand the odd characters that go with it in the Japanese hymnal, we will use this sweet hymn of Whittier's instead.

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All About Japan

Thine are all the gifts, O God,
Thine the broken bread ;
Let the naked feet be shod,
And the starving fed.
Let Thy children, by Thy grace,
Give as they abound,
Till the poor have breathing-space,
And the lost are found.

Wiser than the miser's hoards,
Is the giver's choice ;
Sweeter than the song of birds,
Is the thankful voice ;
Welcome smiles on faces sad
As the flowers of spring :
Let the tender hearts be glad
With the joy they bring.



Giving Up the Idols

One day a little company of students in Yale College were talking about foreign missions.

"I expect to go to Japan as a missionary," said one of them.

"Well," exclaimed another, "if you go, remember I want the first peck of idols you get the heathen to give up!"

By and by this student went to Japan as a missionary of the American Board. And there, alas! he found the people worshipping almost

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everything you can think of—the sun, the moon, waterfalls, heroes both living and dead, bits of paper, idols both great and small, and pictures of horses, monkeys and foxes.

But he found, too, a great many people that had stopped worshipping idols and had thrown their gods away.

One evening when he was asked to make a little speech to the Christians at an entertainment given in one of the mission schools in Kyoto, he said to them :

“I wish some of you Christians would bring me a few of the gods you have thrown away. I would like to send them to America to give them a taste of a sea voyage, and the benefit of foreign travel. But please don't bring me any of those big strapping fellows, for it would cost me a month's salary to pay the freight.”

Next morning, bright and early, one of the Kyoto Christians sent about a peck of idols that had been worshipped in his family a great many years.

One of them was a jolly old fellow with a big fish under his arm ; another was a fat little man, sitting on two bags of rice ; still another was the image of Kato, a general who conquered Korea about three hundred years ago. It was not quite half an inch high, and so tiny that if

you wanted to worship it you would have to look sharp, unless your eyes were wonderfully good.

Some time after, a very wealthy Christian sent at least a barrellful of idols, shrines, sacred books, charms and praying machines. Among them was a beautiful little god-house of lacquer inlaid with gold.

At another time a Japanese doctor who had become a Christian, sent a coolie with fully six pecks of idols and ancestral tablets. One of them was a pleasant-looking old clay god who was always smiling. Another had a great many hands, more than enough to play on all kinds of stringed instruments at once.

All these idols and many more, were sent to the Peabody Museum at Yale College, where I suppose they may still be seen.—*Adapted from "Mission Stories in Many Lands."*



X

The Story of Neesima

A New Year's Gift

ONE morning, during the New Year's holidays of 1843, a wonderful gift came to a family by the name of Neesima in Yedo.

What do you suppose it was? A tiny baby boy! One after another, four little daughters had come to this home. Both father and mother loved them dearly, but still they longed for a son. And now at last one had come. I think you can imagine how happy they were.

No one was happier than the old grandfather. "Shimeta!" he cried, meaning "Joy! joy!" when they told him the news.

But what should they name the wonderful baby? It did not take long to decide.

"We will call him Shimeta," they said, partly because of his grandfather's exclamation, and partly because, at the New Year season, every house was decorated with ornaments called *shime*, which are supposed to bring good luck.

In the Neesima home there were a great many idols, a dozen on a shelf in the parlour, another dozen in the dining-room, and half a dozen in the kitchen. Morning and evening the family

worshipped them, and brought them offerings of rice and tea and wine. Even before he could walk and talk, little Shimeta was taught to bow to them too.

When he was about five years old, he was taken to a temple and presented to a heathen god. It was a grand occasion and he wore a little suit of costly silk with two tiny swords, which showed that he belonged to the *samurai*.

When he came home again, he received a great many presents, kites, tops, games, candies and toys of every description.



Testing An Idol

By and by, as Neesima grew older, he discovered that the idols he worshipped were only wood and stone. Then, too, he noticed that they never touched the food and drink that were offered to them, but that most of it, especially the wine, went down his father's throat, instead.

At last he made up his mind to test their power for himself. So he bought an idol and buried it in his father's garden.

"If it comes up," he said, "I will believe; if not, I will never pray to idols again."

Day after day he watched and waited. He

was very brave, yet in his heart I think there was just a little feeling of fear. He had done a dreadful thing in the eyes of a Japanese—what if the idol had power to punish him after all?

At last one morning he found a tiny green sprout right over the spot where the idol lay buried. What could it be? You can imagine how excited he was, and how eagerly he watched it. The sprout grew larger and larger, but still no idol appeared.

At last he dug down to see what was the matter. There was the idol, just as he had left it, but hidden in its arm was a tiny grain of rice that had sprouted and come up! After that he never worshipped an idol again.

When Commodore Perry came to Japan in 1853, Neesima was ten years old. He was only a child, yet the stories of the great ships and the white strangers filled him with longing to see something of the great world outside.



A Great Discovery

One day, about eight years after this, a friend lent him an historical atlas of the United States written in Chinese. As he read the wonderful stories of the great republic across the sea where

the people ruled themselves, and could go wherever they pleased, he began to understand something of the tyranny of his own government.

"O governor of Japan," he said to himself, "why keep us down as a dog or a pig? We are people of Japan. Why not let us be free? Why keep us as a bird in a cage, or a rat in a bag?"

But one day, in the library of a friend, he found something far more wonderful than this American atlas. It was a copy of the Bible in Chinese, and night after night he read it in secret. If it had been found out, he and his whole family would have been crucified.

Can you imagine how wonderful the first verse of Genesis would seem if you had never read it before?—"In the beginning God made the heaven and the earth."

Neesima thought it was the most wonderful thing he had ever heard in all his life.

"I put down the book," he says, "and looked around me, saying, 'Who made me?—my parents? No! my God. Who made my table?—a carpenter? No! my God. God let the trees grow in the earth. Although the carpenter made this table, it came from the trees.'"

From this time on he began to serve God, and his greatest wish was to study English so that he could find out more about Him. At last he

begged his father to let him go to Hakodate, an open port where foreign teachers were allowed to live.

His father's answer was a sound thrashing! But after a while a high official gave him permission to go in one of his ships, and his father had to give in.

On March 11, 1864, he said "Good-bye" to his home and friends and started on his journey to Hakodate, "not thinking," as he said afterwards in quaint broken English, "that when money was gone, how would I eat and dress myself, but only casting myself on the providence of God."



Off to America

Poor Neesima! When he got to Hakodate, he was terribly disappointed. He could not find anybody to teach him English.

But at the hotel he found some wide-awake young Japanese who soon became his friends. One of them, Munokite, was a clerk in a foreign store and could speak a little English.

Before long he began to think about going to America. His new friends promised to help him off, but it was such a serious step to take!

If he went away, you know, he could not come back. And it seemed so terrible to run away from home and from the dear ones he loved so well. What should he do?

"One thought," he says, "came into my head, that although my parents fed me, I belong to Heavenly Father. Therefore I must believe Him, and I must run in His way."

So he made up his mind to go, and every day watched for a ship to take him away. At last an American schooner came, bound for Shanghai, and with the help of his new friends he got the captain to promise to take him to China.

At midnight, on July 18, 1864, dressed as a servant and with a little bundle of clothes on his back, Neesima left the hotel and crept along the back streets to the water's edge. There, near his store, Munokito had a little boat waiting to carry him across to the big ship at anchor in the harbour.

Next morning when the Japanese officials came on board to search the ship for runaways, poor Neesima was terribly frightened. If they found him they would take him back and put him to death.

"Come into my cabin," said the kind-hearted captain to the trembling boy. Then he pushed him into a little closet and fastened the door.



NEESIMA DRESSED AS A SERVANT

In a few minutes the search was over, and the young hero was safe.

At Shanghai he had a dreadful time. For ten days he tried in vain to find a ship to take him to America, all the time terribly frightened for fear some one would send him back to Japan.

At last the captain of the *Wild Rover*, an American trading vessel bound for Boston, agreed to let him work out his passage to the United States.

"I shall call you Joe," the captain said; "and since you are so anxious to learn English I will teach you myself."

But for all the captain's kindness, poor Neesima had a hard time of it. He belonged to a family of high rank in Japan, you remember, but here on shipboard he was thrown with rough sailors and had to work very hard. But he was so eager to get to America that he bore it all without complaint.

It was a long voyage, for the *Wild Rover* traded up and down the coast of China eight months before she sailed for Boston. Once, when they stopped at Shanghai, Neesima saw a Chinese New Testament for sale.

"I must have it," he thought; "but how can I buy it when I have no money?"

All at once he remembered his two swords.

They were very precious to him, but the book was more precious still. So he sold one of the swords and bought the book.

Day after day as he studied it on ship-board, one verse became very precious to him. This was John 3:16. Can you tell what it is without hunting it up in your Bible? Martin Luther called it the "Little Gospel."

し	信 <small>ま</small>	こ	た
め	ぎ	う	う
ん	る	世 <small>よ</small>	れ
が	者 <small>もの</small>	の	神 <small>かみ</small>
爲 <small>ため</small>	こ	人 <small>ひと</small>	は
あ	亡 <small>はら</small>	を	う
り	る	愛 <small>あい</small>	の
	こ	し	生 <small>う</small>
	と	給 <small>たま</small>	た
	無 <small>な</small>	へ	ま
	し	り	へ
	て	此 <small>こ</small>	る
	永 <small>わ</small>	ハ	獨 <small>ひとり</small>
	生 <small>なま</small>	凡 <small>すべ</small>	子 <small>ご</small>
	を	て	を
	受 <small>う</small>	彼 <small>か</small>	賜 <small>たま</small>
		を	か

When Neesima went back to Japan, long years after, he preached his first sermon from this text, and called it the "Fujiyama of the Bible." Do you understand what he meant by this?



A Great Aim Realized

When the *Wild Rover* at last reached Boston, Neesima did not know where to go. The captain went on shore at once and left him with the rough sailors on board the ship. It was a sad time for the homeless boy, but one day he found out something that filled his heart with joy.

With some money the captain had given him to spend on shore he bought a book that I am sure you are very fond of—"Robinson Crusoe!" When he read it, he found out what you and I have known all our lives, that he could pray to God, and talk to Him as to an earthly father.

"If Robinson Crusoe could pray to God when he was in trouble, so can I," he thought.

Every night after that, he prayed, "Please don't cast me away into miserable condition; please let me reach my great aim."

In a little while God answered this prayer. Alpheus Hardy, who owned the *Wild Rover* was

a very good man. When he heard about the young Japanese who had come to America to get an education and learn more about God, he at once made up his mind to help him. You can imagine how happy Neesima was when he heard this.

"I jumped for joy," he says; "my eyes were fulfilled with many tears, because I was thankful to him, and I thought, too, God will not forsake me."

I think you will be interested in this little letter he wrote to Mr. Hardy in his quaint, broken English :

"I am very thankful to you. You relieve me, but I can't show to you my thankfulness with my words. But, I do at all times bless to God for you with this prayer : O God ! if Thou hast eyes, look upon me. O God ! if Thou hast ears, hear my prayer. Let me be civilized with Bible. O Lord ! Thou send Thy Spirit upon my Hardy and let him relieve me from sad condition. O Lord ! please ! set Thy eyes upon my Hardy, and keep him out from illness and temptation.

"Your Obedient Servant,

"JOSEPH NESEEMI."

Mr. and Mrs. Hardy soon learned to love the young stranger very dearly. They gave him a



HON. ALPHÉUS HARDY

thorough education and all the rest of his life treated him as though he were their own son.

On the last Sabbath of 1866, he was baptized at Andover, Massachusetts, taking the name Joseph Hardy Neesima.

And now we must leave him at school in America while we go back to Japan, to see what is taking place there.



Neesima's Coat of Arms.



XI
New Japan

The Revolution of 1868

I THINK before we talk about the great revolution that took place in Japan in 1868, you would better turn back to the story about "The Rulers of Old Japan," and read it over again.

For a long, long time—some writers say since away back in 1715, when a great history of Japan, called *Dai Nihon Shi*, was published—the people had been growing more and more dissatisfied because the shoguns had shut the emperor up in Kyoto and ruled the empire themselves.

When Commodore Perry came, it was the shogun, and not the mikado, who signed the treaties and allowed the hated foreigners to come back to Japan, and live in "the sacred land of the gods."

This made the daimyos so angry that some of them made up their minds to get rid of the shogun, and take the power from him.

In 1867, when the reigning emperor died, and his young son Mutsu Hito, succeeded to the throne, the daimyos decided to give the power into his hands. So they persuaded the shogun, who was a weak and timid man, to resign his

office. Then, on January 3, 1868, they seized the palace at Kyoto, and began to rule in the name of the young emperor.

A civil war followed. But, after a desperate battle in which the shogun's army was defeated, the emperor took his place at the head of the nation.

No longer was he to be hidden from the eyes of the world. In February, 1868, he received the foreign ambassadors in the palace at Kyoto with uncovered face, and appeared in public before his people, who never, until this time, had seen a mikado's face.

The capital was changed from Kyoto to Yedo, and on November 26, 1868, Mutsu Hito entered it in state. Its name was then changed from Yedo, the "Door of the Bay," to Tokyo, "Eastern Capital."

Mutsu Hito still reigns in Japan. He has been such a wise and good emperor, that I am sure we can all join in the cry,

"Long live His Majesty, Mutsu Hito!"



Seven League Boots

When the great revolution was over, and the emperor took his place at the head of the nation,

Japan "put on her seven-league boots," and began to make giant strides in civilization.

While her gates were shut, during those two long centuries, she had fallen behind Western nations in every way. They had great armies and navies, and railroads and telegraph lines and steam engines, and newspapers and schools and colleges, and she had not.

As soon as she found out how far ahead of her they were, she made up her mind to catch up with them. So instead of driving foreigners out, she invited them to come and teach her Western ways.

Very soon the most wonderful changes took place. Under the direction of wise and skillful men from Europe and America, the armies of Japan were drilled, great ships were built, mines were opened, new industries were started, and schools established all over the empire.

At Tokyo a great university was opened, and Dr. Verbeck, the great missionary, was asked to come from Nagasaki to take charge of it.

Then one day in 1872—June 12th, I believe it was—a great crowd gathered to see the first railway train start on its eighteen-mile journey from Tokyo to Yokohama.

And before long the people were busy sending telegrams and writing letters, for telegraph

lines were put up all over Japan, and a fine postal system introduced by an American who had been in the Post Office Department at Washington.

In the old days letters were sent by special messengers and it cost so much that only the rich could afford it. Now they are delivered anywhere in the empire for two cents, and more than three hundred million are sent every year, besides eighty million papers and magazines.

The neat little Japanese postmen, with their blue suits, wide butter-bowl hats, straw sandals and mail-bags under their arms or in little two-wheeled carts, carry the mail all over Japan, excepting where there are steam cars. They travel from "station to station on a swift run, mile after mile, up hill and down, never stopping till they reach the place where another postman is waiting to take the mail and run on in his turn."

One of the greatest changes took place on New Year's Day, 1873, when they began to use the same calendar that we use, instead of the one the Chinese use, which follows the moon in its changes.

Since that time they have dated the days and months as we do, but not the years. Instead

of counting the years from the birth of the Lord Jesus, they count them from the reign of the first mikado, and also from the new period, Meiji, or "Enlightened Rule," which began with the reign of the Emperor Mutsu Hito in 1868.

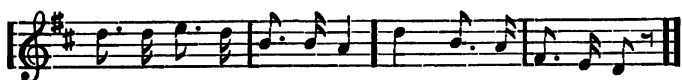
Thus 1873 was the year 2,533 of the empire and the 6th of Meiji. Perhaps from this you can tell what year it is now in Japan.



Kimi Ga Yo

The Japanese have two national anthems, one ancient, the other modern, both called *Kimi Ga Yo*. They love the old one best, I think, but the new one is sung very often, especially by the little children in the kindergartens.

It is a pretty sight to see the tiny boys and girls, dressed in their bright *kimonos*, as they take hold of hands as you do in "Ring Around a Rosy," and sing this song.



All About Japan

Shisen yoman
Ani Ototo tomo yo,
Mamori ni mamore ;
Kimi ga yo wo.

Tsurugi ni kawaru,
Oku no shomatsu.
Mukaeru teki wo
Uchi harae ye.

Tama in mo masaru
Kokoro no hikari,
Migate ni migate,
Tayumi naku.

Shisen yoman
Chikara wo awase,
Mamori ni mamore
Kimi ga yo wo.

(TRANSLATION)

Oh forty millions and more
Of older and younger brothers !
Together guard ye well
Our emperor's rule.

In the place of many swords,
Take ye many books,
And drive ye far away
The opposing foe.

More precious far than gems
Is the lustre of the heart ;
Unceasing polish it,
Yea, polish well.

Oh forty millions and more !
Unite ye all your strength,
And perfectly protect
Our emperor's reign.



The Embassy to Foreign Lands

In 1871, at the suggestion of Dr. Verbeck, the mikado sent a great embassy around the world to visit foreign countries and find out all they could that would be helpful to Japan.

There were seventy members of this embassy, all men of high rank, who were good and true as well as wise and great. At least half of them, including Prince Iwakura, who was at the head of the embassy, had been pupils of Dr. Verbeck, either at the government school at Nagasaki, or the Imperial University at Tokyo.

Across the Pacific they started, to visit the United States, first of all. They were snow-bound, for a week, at Salt Lake City, but at last they arrived in Washington, and were received by the President.

How strange it all seemed ! And how wonderful ! They saw at once that they needed an interpreter who could speak both Japanese and English and explain everything to them. But where could they find such a man ?

At last some one told them about a young Japanese student at Andover Seminary, who had been in America seven years and was a fine English scholar. Can you guess who it was? Nobody in the world but our old friend, Joseph Hardy Neesima!

Mr. Mori, the Japanese minister at Washington, sent for him to come at once. Of course he came, but oh, how puzzled he was to know just how to act when he was introduced to these great men from home!

In Japan, you know, it would have been proper for him to kneel down and bow again and again to the floor. But somehow, in free America, this did not seem just right. After thinking about it a long time, he decided to meet them in the simple American way.

The first member of the embassy he met was the commissioner of education, who received him in the parlours of the Arlington Hotel together with twelve Japanese students the government had sent to the United States to be educated. In introducing him, Mr. Mori said:

“Mr. Neesima came here at my request, not as a bondsman, but with his kindness, to give you some advice concerning education; so you must appreciate his kindness and willingness to

do you such a favour. He is a lover of Japan, not a slave."

At this, everybody turned to look at the modest young student, standing apart in one corner of the room. The speech seemed to please the commissioner very much.

"Is this corner-stander Mr. Neesima?" he asked. Mr. Mori said that it was, and the great man stepped forward to greet him.

"He shook my hand," says Neesima, "and made a most graceful, yet most dignified bow, asking me to be a kind friend to him. He bowed himself sixty degrees from the perpendicular, so I made a like bow in return. I could not help laughing in my heart that a 'corner-stander' was so honoured by him."

Neesima gave the embassy such valuable help that they took him wherever they went, all over the United States and through all the countries of Europe.

When they were ready to return to Japan, they begged him to go with them, but as his education was not yet complete, he thought it best to go back to his work at Andover.



Good-bye to the Notice-boards!

And now I have something to tell you that I am sure will please you very much. In 1873 the notice-boards with their edicts against Christianity were taken down, and never put up again.

How the missionaries did rejoice! And how glad Christians were all over the world when they heard the good news!

How did it happen? In this way:

While in America, the embassy made a discovery that surprised them very much. The Japanese were afraid of Christianity, you know, and thought it a bad thing for a country. But now, they saw that it was a good thing, and that Christian nations are the most powerful nations in the world.

Then, too, they began to find out just what other countries thought of their notice-boards and their strict laws against Christianity.

"We are fighting a good thing when we fight Christianity," Prince Iwakura wrote home to the emperor; "and the notice-boards posted up all over the empire are hurting Japan in the eyes of the world. I think it would be well to remove them."

At once the notice-boards disappeared as if by magic. One morning the missionaries woke up to find them all gone.

"The laws against Christianity are not repealed," the government said, "but the notice-boards are no longer needed. They have been before the eyes of the people for so long that the laws are printed on their minds."



An Attack of Foreign Fever

When the embassy came home and told such wonderful stories of what they had seen and heard in foreign lands, Japan had what some one has called "a bad attack of foreign fever."

The people began to adopt foreign customs and everything made in foreign countries was in great demand. Food was cooked in foreign style, foreign beers and wines were used instead of native saké, and everybody was eager to play cards and learn to dance like the foreigners.

All public buildings and the homes of wealthy men were built in foreign style and chairs, tables and all kinds of foreign furniture became very fashionable.

Both men and women took off their pretty, graceful kimonos, and put on foreign clothes. They looked very queer, and felt very uncomfortable in the tight dresses and stiff

shoes and heavy hats. But still they wore them without complaint.

All persons employed by the government—soldiers, sailors, postmen and policemen—were put into foreign uniform, and the empress and the ladies of her court appeared in elegant costumes made in Paris.

The foreign religion, too, became very popular. In 1876 Sunday was made a legal holiday, and several Japanese statesmen, high in authority were in favour of making Christianity the national religion of Japan.

This was a happy time for the missionaries, you may be sure. Churches were built all over the empire, and Christian schools were started everywhere. They were filled with students eager to study the Word of God, and thousands and thousands of the Japanese became Christians.

It really looked as though Japan would become a Christian nation in a very short time.



What They Think of Us

What are those strangely-clad beings
Who move quickly from one spot of interest to another
Like butterflies flitting from flower to flower ?

These are Americans.

They are restless as the ocean,
In one day they will learn more of a city
Than an inhabitant will in a year.

Are they not extraordinary persons ?

—*Japanese Poet.*



Reaction

About the year 1888, a reaction set in, and the foreign fever began to die down. People stopped buying foreign things and went back to their old ways again.

The women took off their foreign hats and shoes and dresses, and put on their pretty, comfortable kimonos again.

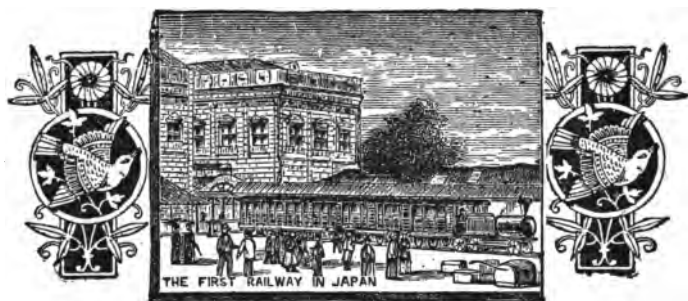
Some of the men followed their example, but a great many of them kept on dressing in foreign style. They found it more convenient than their flowing robes and hanging sleeves, that were forever getting in the way.

I am sorry to tell you that this reaction had a very bad effect on missions in Japan.

Many of the people stopped going to church and some of those who had become Christians went back to their old ways.

The hearts of the missionaries were very sad

and they were greatly discouraged. But there was one good thing about it. It showed just how many had learned to really love the Lord Jesus and were ready to follow Him at any cost.



XII

At Work for Christ

Home Again

ONE day, in December, 1874, a ship sailed up the Bay of Yedo, into the harbour of Yokohama. On board was Joseph Hardy Neesima, coming back to his dear Japan to preach the Gospel he loved so well.

He had been gone ten years, and great changes had taken place. But still it was the same Japan. As he looked up from the steamer's deck, there was grand old Fujiyama looking down upon him.

Suppose we let him tell the story of his home-coming in his own words. Writing to Mr. Hardy from Annaka, where his parents now lived, he says :

"It was my intention to stay in Yokohama three days; but when I stepped on dry land—my dear native soil—I could not wait three days, but hurried home at once. When I came here it was midnight; therefore I disliked to disturb my parents' sleep, and went to an inn. In the morning I sent word to my father.

"Then I came home and was welcomed by my aged parents, sisters, neighbours and old acquaintances.

"My father had been ill for three days, and could not move on account of rheumatism ; but when he heard of my safe arrival, he rose up and welcomed me with fatherly tenderness. I noticed his tears dropping on the floor."

But, happy as Neesima's home-coming was, there was one thing that made him very sad—his loved ones still worshipped idols. But, one glad day, after he had been telling them about the Lord Jesus, his father said :

"You may take all the idols off the shelves and burn them up."

A few of the paper gods that his mother threw into the fireplace, he gathered up and sent with his letter to Mr. Hardy.

When the people heard that Neesima had come home, they came from far and near, begging him to tell them all about the foreign countries he had seen.

This gave him a great opportunity to preach Christ, and he did it so boldly that the governor of the province was greatly troubled. It was still against the law, yet Neesima was a great man, a friend of Iwakura and the embassy, and he was afraid to arrest him. So he went to Tokyo in great haste, to ask what to do.

"If it is Neesima," the officials said, "it is all right. Let him alone."



JOSEPH HARDY NEESIMA AND HIS WIFE

Neesima could not stay very long in the old home at Annaka, for he had a great work to do for Japan. His whole heart was set on founding a great Christian college such as he had seen in Christian lands.

With money given him by Mr. Hardy and other friends of the American Board, he bought a piece of ground in Kyoto and started the great school known as the Doshisha or "One-purpose Company," in which thousands of the finest young men in Japan have received an education.

Prince Iwakura and other great men of the embassy, were now at the head of the government. Again and again they sent, begging him to give up the school, and accept high official positions, but he would not listen to them.

"I am very thankful for your kindness," he said; "but suppose I should take a government position, how much benefit could I give to Japan? Certainly very little. But if I educate many young men and women, and produce hundreds and thousands of Neesimas who can work for this country, it will be of some use. This is my aim."

On January 23, 1890, after fifteen years' service in Japan, this great and good man died. Very grievously did the people mourn for him.

From all over the empire they came to attend his funeral, Christian and heathen alike.

The government paid his memory many beautiful tributes, and it is said that never before or since has any private citizen been so deeply mourned in Japan.



How a Chrysanthemum Got Its Name

One day in the year 1887, there arrived in Boston a big, queer-looking box from Japan, addressed to Mrs. Alpheus Hardy.

Across the seas it had come, as a gift of love from Joseph Hardy Neesima to his dear adopted mother in America. He never forgot what she had done for him, and both his heart and hers were very sad just then, for not long before, God had taken Mr. Hardy to live in heaven with Him.

In the box were about twenty-five roots of wonderful chrysanthemums such as grow in Japan, each one a different kind. They were given to a Boston florist to plant and care for, and when they bloomed, one of them, a great white, frosty flower, was named the *Mrs. Alpheus Hardy*.

The beautiful flower soon became famous, it

was so different from any chrysanthemum ever seen in America before. Very few florists grow it now, but from the stock have come some of the varieties we prize the most.

Some people say that the chrysanthemum, magnificent as it is, has no soul—that is, it has no beautiful meaning like roses or lilies or pansies. A great poet once wrote :

“ Chrysanthemum, purple or yellow or white,
Standing so consciously out in the light,
Sure of your beauty, sure that the crowd,
Worships your loveliness, regal and proud,
Have you a soul ?
The rose, or the pansy, the lily, or yet
Their fragrant companion, the sweet mignonette,
Have thoughts, and have fancies, have sentiments
too,
And care not for empty pretension, but you —
You have no soul.”

But, do you not think that when Neesima sent that queer-looking box on its mission of love from Japan, that the chrysanthemum found its soul ?

I am sure that any one who knows the sweet story can say that to them the chrysanthemum brings thoughts of gratitude, devotion, love.



The Kumamoto Band

On the last Sunday in January, 1875, a wonderful thing happened in the city of Kumamoto on the island of Kyushu.

A band of forty Japanese students marched out of the city to a high hill near by. Up its steep sides they climbed, singing as they went. At the top they sat around in a circle, and one by one, made a solemn promise to God that they would tell the people of Japan about the Lord Jesus Christ. Then they kneeled down and prayed and wrote out an oath-paper, which they sealed and signed with their names.

These young men are known as the Kumamoto Band. I am sure you will want to know a little more about them.

In 1871, a government school was opened in Kumamoto, and Captain L. L. Janes, an American army-officer, was asked to come and teach in it. Though not a missionary, he was an earnest Christian man, who longed to see Japan a Christian nation.

At first the good captain had a hard time in the school. He could not speak Japanese, and his pupils could not understand English. And they hated foreigners so bitterly, that often his life was in danger. But he was patient and kind, and after awhile, they began to love

him, and almost forgot that he was a foreigner.

For several years he said nothing at all to them about Christianity; he knew it was best to win their love first. But at last one day he said:

"I shall teach the Bible on Sunday; if any of you wish to come, I will be glad to see you."

Very wise had the teacher been.

"We hated Christianity like snakes," one of them says, "but we decided to go to the meeting to please the teacher."

But they were afraid to go without permission, so they asked the Chinese teacher about it.

"I think you may go," he said; "it won't hurt you to learn about Christianity, for you don't want to believe it. And the more you know about it, the better you can fight against it."

So they went, some of them to please the teacher, others just for fun. They did not care anything about the Bible, and during prayer-time they were often very wicked.

"We sometimes opened our eyes," says one of them, "and looked at the teacher's face, with its closed eyes wet with tears. And then we laughed, saying that 'Americans weep.'"

But no matter what they did, Captain Janes never lost patience with them. By and by they

began to be interested in what he taught them, and at the end of the year, to his great joy, he found nearly every member of the class in favour of Christianity!

After the New Year's holidays, a great revival broke out in the school, and more than forty of the students gave themselves to Christ. Then it was that they climbed the hill, and formed the Kumamoto Band.

I am sorry to tell you that sad times followed. Captain Janes and his wife were in great danger, and the students were terribly persecuted. Some of them were shut up in their rooms like prisoners, and others were driven from home, and told not to come back again. One mother said she would kill herself if her son did not renounce Christ, and the father of another threatened to kill him unless he gave up his faith.

Nearly thirty of the little band remained true to the Lord Jesus, and the next year, when Captain Janes left Kumamoto, most of them entered the Doshisha at Kyoto, to prepare themselves for preaching Christ.

Many of them afterwards came to America and were graduated from our best colleges.

You will be glad to know that when these young men had completed their education, they were called to very high positions in Japan.

Some of them became pastors of churches, and others teachers and professors in colleges.



Dr. Verbeck

You already know something about Dr. Verbeck, but as he was such a great missionary, I think you ought to know a little more.

Some day, when you are older, I hope you will read the wonderful story of his life, called "Verbeck of Japan" by William Elliot Griffis.

I hardly know how to make you understand how great Dr. Verbeck's influence was in Japan. For nearly fifteen years he was at the head of the Imperial University at Tokyo. During this time the greatest men in Japan frequently came to him to talk over the affairs of the nation, and no important step was taken without first asking his advice.

One day the emperor sent word that he was coming to visit the school. You can imagine how excited the students were, and how puzzled Dr. Verbeck was to know just how to receive so distinguished a guest.

But the visit passed off very well, and the emperor was very much pleased. The hall was beautifully decorated, and a temporary throne

was made for his majesty by draping one of Dr. Verbeck's best parlour chairs with Mrs. Verbeck's beautiful India shawl!

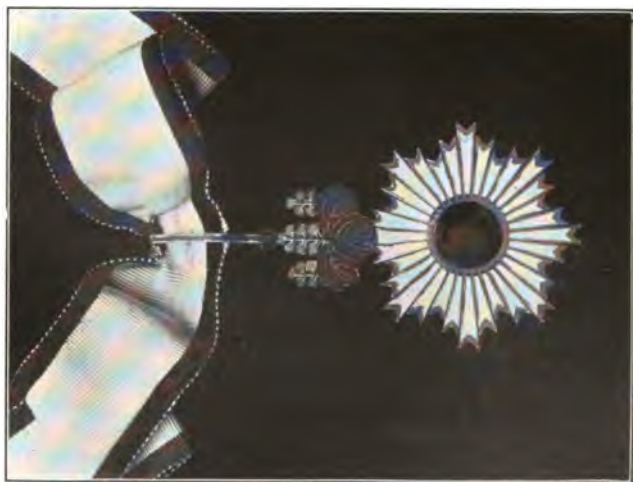


Decorated by the Emperor

When Dr. Verbeck left the service of the government, the emperor decorated him with the "Order of the Rising Sun." I will let Dr. Verbeck describe it to you in his own words:

"The decoration is a very pretty piece of jewelry, the first I have ever owned. The central circle is a fine ruby, surrounded by pointed rays of gold filled in with white enamel. This symbol of the sun is surmounted by the emperor's family crest, the three-leaved 'paulownia imperialis,' with a cluster of blossoms on each of the leaves. This is also of gold, the leaves filled in with green, and the blossoms with purple enamel.

"At the very top there is a golden clasp through which passes a heavy white silk ribbon with deep red borders. By this ribbon the decoration is to be hung around the neck, so as to lie on the shirt bosom. It came in a fine lacquered casket, with a document to which are



JEWEL OF THE ORDER OF THE RISING SUN.



JAPANESE BIBLE WITH ITS CASE.

affixed the emperor's signature and the state seal."

Dr. Verbeck was very proud of this decoration, but so modest that he rarely showed it to any one, and wore it only on state occasions. At his funeral, it was carried into the church on a velvet cushion and placed on the casket.

One day in Tokyo, Dr. Verbeck's decoration helped him out of a great difficulty. There was a fire and he could not get through the crowds to another part of the city where he had an important engagement.

All at once he remembered his decoration. The jewel itself was safe at home, but all "decorated men" in Japan wear a little silk button in the lapel of the coat, just as our old soldiers wear their Grand Army buttons. When Dr. Verbeck showed this button to a policeman, it worked like a charm. In less time than it takes to tell it, a way was opened and he was allowed to pass through.



"A Man Without a Country"

In his book, Dr. Griffis calls Dr. Verbeck "a man without a country." Perhaps you would like to know why.

The people of a country are called its citizens or subjects. You and I are citizens of the United States, but if we went to live in another country, we could, by making certain promises, become citizens of that country.

Dr. Verbeck was born in Holland, but he had been away so long that he had lost his citizenship there. He was educated in the United States, but he did not live in this country long enough to become a citizen of it. And in Japan there is no way in which foreigners can become citizens of the empire.

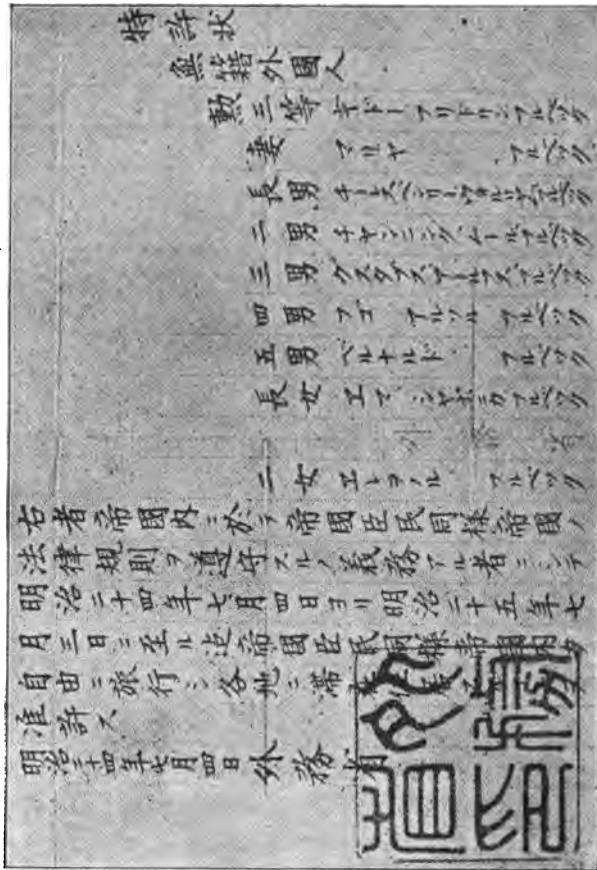
So, you see, Dr. Verbeck really was a "man without a country," and it troubled him very much.

At last, when he had been living in Japan thirty years, he asked the government to take him under its care. In answer, they gave him what they had never given to a foreigner before, a special passport for himself and family, giving them permission to live anywhere they pleased in Japan and travel all over the empire just as though they were Japanese.

It was a great honour, and Dr. Verbeck was very much pleased.

On March 10, 1898, the twenty-sixth anniversary of the founding of the first Protestant church in Japan, this great missionary died, and a few days later, was buried in Tokyo.

He was "a man without a country," but he was loved and honoured by three countries—Holland that gave him a birthplace, the United States that gave him an education, and Japan that gave him an honoured name and a grave.



PASSPORT OF DR. VERBECK AND FAMILY

XIII

Japan at War

The War With China

IN 1894, a war broke out between China and Japan, and strange to say, great China, with her four hundred million people, was completely conquered by little Japan with only forty millions.

If you will look at the map of Asia, you will find, jutting out into the sea on the east, a little country called Korea. China lies on one side of it and Japan on the other, and both of them have always wanted to get control of it.

But in 1885 they signed a treaty in which each promised not to do anything in Korea without first giving notice to the other.

China hated foreigners, and so did Korea, but Japan, as we know, was friendly to them. So, when some of the Koreans made up their minds to drive the foreigners out of their country, they said nothing about it to Japan, but asked China to come and help them.

China at once sent troops, but true to her promise, told Japan what she had done. Then Japan sent soldiers, too, and in July, 1894, the two armies met on the coast of Korea, and a

great battle was fought in which Japan was victorious.

In August, Japan declared war against China, and very soon another great battle was fought, in which Japan was again successful.

The war did not last long, for China soon acknowledged herself defeated. By the treaty of peace signed on April 16, 1895, Korea became independent, and China agreed to pay Japan one hundred and fifty million dollars in money, besides giving her the great island of Formosa.

It was a wonderful victory for Japan that showed what progress she had made in forty years. And her humane conduct of the war proved that she had a right to take her place among the civilized nations of the world.

At the very beginning of the war, the emperor moved his court from Tokyo to Hiroshima, on the west coast, to be near the troops when they embarked for Korea. He sent them away with words of good cheer and encouragement, and when the sick and wounded were brought back, he himself went through the hospitals to see that there were good food and plenty of flowers. And very often he sent bands of music to play for them.

The War with Russia

Early in the year 1904, nine years after her victory over China, Japan went to war again—this time with the great empire of Russia. As in 1895, the trouble was about Korea. Since 1896 Russia, much against the wishes of Japan, had been occupying the Chinese province of Manchuria. She had promised again and again to go away, but never kept her promises, and seemed to have made up her mind to stay just as long as she pleased.

Japan did not like this at all, and after awhile when the Japanese found that the Russians were beginning to occupy Korea too, they were up in arms.

“This will never do,” they cried; “if Russia takes Korea as well as Manchuria, she will try to take us next.”

After waiting patiently for a long time, and doing all they could peaceably to make Russia leave Korea, the Japanese at last took up arms against her.

It has been a very terrible war, in which thousands and thousands of lives have been lost. It is not over yet, but the Japanese have won so many splendid victories, that there seems little doubt how it will end.

The army and navy have done splendid work.

Both officers and men have been so brave and so skillful that the whole world has looked on with wonder and admiration.



The Red Cross

Three hundred years ago, when Japan was at war with Korea, the Japanese soldiers cut off the ears of three thousand, six hundred Koreans and sent them home as trophies of their victory.

But during the war with China this was all changed. I am glad to tell you that the sick and wounded Chinese, as well as Japanese, were tenderly cared for, and all prisoners were kindly treated. The Chinese could not understand it, and were very much frightened.

"They are fattening us to kill," some of the prisoners said to themselves, "it would have been better to die in battle than here."

The secret of it was that in 1886 Japan had joined the Red Cross nations, and almost all of her soldiers were members of the Red Cross, or "Red Ten-letter Society" as many of them called it because in Japanese a cross means ten.

China was not a Red Cross nation, and treated the wounded Japanese in the most cruel manner.

During the war with Russia, the Red Cross Society has been very active. Everywhere the army or navy goes, the surgeons and nurses having the Red Cross on cap and sleeve band, go too, doing beautiful work, not only for the sick and wounded Japanese, but for the enemy also.

The Russian prisoners have been very well treated. The Japanese Young Men's Christian Association sent to St. Petersburg for a box of Russian literature for them, and the Japanese Empress offered artificial limbs to all who had lost arms or legs in battle.

The Japanese are very proud of their Red Cross Society. It has nearly a million members and a royal prince for its president.



Christian Work Among the Soldiers

One good thing about these terrible wars is that they have given the Japanese soldiers a chance to hear the Gospel.

Up to the opening of the war with China the missionaries had never been allowed to have anything to do with the army. Indeed, most of the soldiers were forbidden to go to a Chris-

tian church or read a Christian book, even when off duty.

During the war with China, with the permission of Marquis Ito, the Prime Minister, the Bible and Tract Society of Yokohama distributed one hundred and twenty-five thousand Bibles, giving one to almost every soldier and sailor in the empire.

Christian workers were allowed to visit the sick and wounded in the hospitals, and six Japanese pastors went to the front with the army. They were not called chaplains as in other countries, but *Imonshi*, or comforters, a very sweet and blessed name.

The war with Russia has given even greater opportunities for Christian work.

Two hundred and fifty of the officers in the army and navy and a great many of the men are Christians. They make splendid soldiers and greatly honor the Lord Jesus by their courage and devotion to their country.

You will be glad to hear that the government appointed six missionaries and six Japanese pastors to go with the army as chaplains or comforters, and they have had many opportunities for telling the men about the Lord Jesus.

Then, too, nearly every soldier is given a Bible or a Testament, by the American Bible

Society, when he leaves Japan for the battle-field. Some of these little books have two flags of Japan crossed on the cover; others are so tiny that they can be carried in the pocket or hat band.

Already many of the soldiers and sailors have become Christians, and we hope that many more will make the Lord Jesus the "Captain of their salvation," and learn to serve and follow Him.



XIV

The Great Revival

Good News From Japan

AND now we have come to the end of our stories about Japan. I am glad that I have good news for you in this one, and that the outlook in Japan is so bright and hopeful.

You remember that for a long time after the Japanese got over that "bad attack of foreign fever," about which we heard, Christianity made very little progress, and the hearts of the missionaries and of Christian people everywhere were very sad:

But in the first year of the new century—1901—a great change took place, and God began to send showers of blessing upon the land.

Early in the year we began to hear about a great revival in Japan, and ere long glad news came to us from across the sea that thousands of the Japanese had stopped worshipping idols and begun to serve the Lord Jesus Christ.

During this great revival the Japanese Christians took for their motto, "Our Land for Christ." They are still working very hard, with this end in view, and they need our help.

Will you not *pray* earnestly for them, and *do*

all you can, and *give* all you can, to help them win their land for the Lord Jesus?

Perhaps when you grow older—who knows?—God may send you to be one of His dear missionaries in Sunrise Land. If He asks you to go, you will do it, will you not?

Years ago I read a little story that made me feel very selfish and as though I was not doing as much as I ought to help the Japanese become Christians.

Perhaps it will make you feel in the same way. Here it is:



Jack and the Japs

This Jack was a jolly good boy. He was jolly because he liked fun ; he was good because he liked to make others happy.

Once a month Jack worked like a beaver in his father's wood-shed, splitting wood, to earn five cents to take to the "Cheerful Workers." He felt quite proud of his five cents. The "Cheerful Workers" were raising money to educate a boy in Japan.

On Saturday Jack started off on his new bicycle, at least it was as good as new, though it was a second-hand one that its former owner had

outgrown. He had been saving his money a whole year, and it cost him just five dollars.

I cannot tell you what they did at the meeting, but that night Jack had a fearful dream.

He thought his bicycle had got started, and took him straight across America to California. When he came to the Pacific Ocean, a long narrow bridge stretched across it, and over it whizzed his bicycle; and the first thing Jack knew he was making a triumphant entry into Japan.

The Japs seemed glad to see him. They crowded around him, and chatted and laughed and danced with delight at him and his bicycle. Finally one boy asked,

"Do you belong to the Cheerful Workers?"

"Yes, I do," said Jack proudly.

"How much did you give for us Japs?" said another.

"Five cents," meekly answered Jack, wondering what was coming next.

"Oh, ho!" said all the boys.

"What did you pay for your bicycle?" asked another boy.

"Five dollars," said Jack. "Good, isn't it?"

"Oh, ho!" answered all the boys again.

"Mighty mean boy," said the first Jap; "gives five cents for us and five dollars for himself."

All of a sudden the air grew full of sticks and

mud. Poor Jack! What should he do? Everywhere the Japanese boys were coming after him like an army of giant grasshoppers, their shoes clattering, their hair flying, and every boy yelling,

"Oh, ho! oh, ho! Five cents for the Japs and five dollars for Jack. Mighty mean boy! Mighty mean boy!"

But somehow the bicycle got off, and Jack started for the shore; but alas! no bridge was to be seen, and the first thing Jack knew, he went down, plunged head-first, into the Pacific Ocean.

He was just thinking how his mother would cry when she heard what had become of her Jack, when his eyes flew open, and lo! he and the water-pitcher and the towel-rack were a pile of ruins on the floor. His mother was standing in the doorway rubbing her eyes, and holding a candle in her hand.

"Why, Jack," she said, "what are you doing?"

"Oh, mother, the Japs!" gasped Jack.

Next morning Jack had to account for his conduct. His father said:

"My son, there's a lesson in your dream. The Bible says, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.'"—*Leaflet.*

Christ for Japan

Christ for Japan we sing,
Japan to Christ we bring,
 With loving zeal ;
The poor and them that mourn,
The faint and over-borne,
Sin-sick and sorrow-worn,
 Whom Christ doth heal.

Christ for Japan we sing,
Japan to Christ we bring,
 With fervent prayer ;
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passion tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost,
 From dark despair.

Christ for Japan we sing,
Japan to Christ we bring,
 With one accord ;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
 For Christ our Lord.

Christ for Japan we sing,
Japan to Christ we bring,
 With joyful song ;
The new-born souls whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
 To Christ belong.

By **AMY LE FEUVRE**

TWO TRAMPS

Illustrated, 12mo, cloth, 75 cents, net.

A delightful ramble about Rural England; a veritable Isaac Walton for boys with the fishing left out. Rollo is one of those boys of which our civilization produces too many, whose active brains are sapping the strength of heart, lung and limbs that are rightfully theirs. A sensible guardian seizes the opportunity to send the boy off on a tramp with his Uncle Lionel who is also in search of health. Rollo has promised not to read a book, even on rainy days, so he and Lionel talk to each other and everyone they meet. Rollo rides a donkey part of the time, and now and then they stop for a few days where the people seem hospitable. The man makes a splendid boy and the boy shows himself a little man. Altogether there is a sensible, rambling, healthy tone to the story of the experiences of the two tramps that makes it wholly charming.

"The author plainly illustrates the possibility of magnifying Christian life and character amid the whirl of gayety and pleasure in social life, and makes her characters real and possible."—*Christian Intelligencer*.

JILL'S RED BAG

Illustrated, 12mo, cloth, 75 cents, net.

Jack and Jill and Bumps are a trio that lead themselves into all manner of adventure. Impetuous, imaginative, with all the contradictory moods of childhood, from the implish mischief-making shading off into an unaffected, child's thoughts about God and religion. Jill's Red Bag was a real red bag into which the children put one-tenth of all the money that came to them. It started with them very much as a Bible game, just as Jack and Jill wanted Bumps to play Joseph and be thrown down the ash pit while they dipped a striped sweater into red paint to show a supposed Jacob as the bloody coat of many colors; but the red bag produced serious results among the "grown ups." It came to be a real thing to the trio, too.

One cannot help wondering at Miss Le Feuvre's ability to make her books picture real children, with all the simplicity and beauty of childhood, without giving one a sense of unnaturalness.

"Amy Le Feuvre is very successful in interesting young people and children, and has genius in depicting unusual as well as usual scenes."—*Journal and Messenger*.

By AMY LE FEUVRE

BUNNY'S FRIENDS

12mo, decorated boards, 30c.

"Bunny is a little girl, and her friends are a rabbit, a pony and a lark. Each one narrates his experiences to the child as she is alone with him in the open room. Children will listen eagerly to the reading of these little tales, and will doubtless be profited by them."—*N. Y. Observer*.

"'Bunny' herself was not a rabbit, as one might suspect. She was a little lonely girl, and her name was Dora. She had a little, dark, silky head, and big, blue eyes, which were always staring out at the world with big thoughts behind them, and she was still only when some one told her a story."—*Western Christian Advocate*.

ERIC'S GOOD NEWS

Illustrated, 12mo, decorated boards, 30c.

"Eric Wallace is an invalid lad, delicate, sweet and winsome, who by precept and example leads erring and scoffing men to faith in Christ. The good work is done in a natural and perfectly childlike way, without any painful exhibitions of precocity or goodness. The story is simply a glimpse here and there into the life of a pure hearted, sweet natured, happy soul who leads others into the light because he is in the light himself. It is a tender and beautiful story of Christian influence, conduct and example."—*Christian Work*.

WHAT THE WIND DID

12mo, decorated boards, 30c.

"Miss Le Feuvre's stories about child life are charmingly well written and suggestive."—*Christian Advocate*.

"Her stories are as bright and interesting and touching as if Juliana Fwing or Laura Richards had written them."—*Evangelist*.

"A clever tale, written with a high purpose. . . . A successful endeavor of one whose pen has found its highest employment in the realistic sketching of child life."—*Christian Advocate*.

BULBS AND BLOSSOMS

An Easter Booklet. With illustrations by
Eveline Lance, 12mo, cloth, 50c.

"Many sweet lessons of faith and love drop from the lips of these little ones, and how they brought forth fruit in the heart of one of the aunts is impressively brought out. The book is daintily bound, and pretty illustrations brighten it."—*Louisville Observer*.

"An engaging Easter story in relation to two children who are sent from India to their aunt in England to acquire strength and vigor from a cool climate and other benefits from association with English people."—*Christian Intelligence*.

By AMY LE FEUVRE

CHERRY, the Cumberer that Bore Fruit

Illustrated, 12mo, cloth, net \$1.00.

There is the irrepressible Stacy who is continually devising new schemes to get himself into scrapes. Phil, who follows pretty closely the lead of his older brother. Little Bonnie, who is the first to wind her way, by her quaint acts and sayings, into her father's affections. But to Cherry, whose endeavor is not to be a "cumberer" (like her cherry tree, planted at her birth, which in spite of every attention has never borne fruit), must be conceded the first place. Around this the story has been cleverly woven, and from it the author has secured her title. Every story from her remarkable pen seems to be a still greater improvement over its predecessor, and this is certainly the very ideal of a child's story. The realness of it, too, makes it more than interesting to older folks as well.

THE ODD ONE

Profusely illustrated by Mary A. Lathbury.
Small 4to, \$1.00.

"The story of a little girl of six or seven summers; one of those delightful, innocent, entrancing little pieces of individualism that creep into the hearts of the world's older children ere they are aware of it, and steal their secrets by the very comfortableness of the clear-sighted sympathy which exhales from these whose nature is pure truth."—*Minn. Times*.

"It tells of the sufferings of a little child who was neglected by her parents and misunderstood by her nurse, while her two older sisters and her two younger brothers left her much alone. How she at last found comfort in a dog, how the dog gave his life for her, and how she developed through all her experience is told."—*Pilgrim Teacher*.

A PUZZLING PAIR

With illustrations on every page, by Eve-
line Lance. 4to, cloth, \$1.00.

"The adventures of two small seekers after truth, Guy, the artist, and his extremely practical twin sister, Beryl, who live in an old manor-house by the seashore. Left almost entirely to themselves, they find employments for their leisure which are quite out of the ordinary, and very entertaining. Their quaint sayings and quaint experiences are such as cannot fail to interest young readers, and from the first page to the last there is not one that is dull and unworthy of attention. The story is amply illustrated, almost every page having border illustrations."—*Zion's Advocate*.

By AMY LE FEUVRE

ON THE EDGE OF THE MOOR

Illustrated. 12mo, cloth, \$1.00.

"A delightful story of a quiet country life, of one who was eager to do good to her fellow-beings, and who improved every opportunity to do so. Especially may those whose home is in the quiet country, and who think that there is no opportunities for doing good to be found there, find hints of ways in which much good may be done. The lives into which the least sunshine comes—these are the ones which need our help the most."—*Christian Herald*.

"This is another of those charming and healthy stories for young people for which this author has become distinguished. It is a good book for the home or the Sunday-school library."—*Ellen's Herald*.

DWELL DEEP

Illustrated, 16mo, cloth, 75c.

"A story of a girl who, being left without a home, went to live with her guardian, who had a number of children. Hilda Thorn was trying to be a Christian, and her associates were very worldly, which made it hard for her. It is an interesting story, with the reality of experience."—*The Religious Herald*.

"An intensely interesting story. The author plainly illustrates the possibility of magnifying Christian life and character amid the whirl of gayety and pleasure in social life. Character speaks with effectiveness, and the world bows in acknowledgment to practical Christianity in a positive religious character. The author evidently has succeeded in making her characters seem to be real and possible."—*Christian Intelligencer*.

HIS BIG OPPORTUNITY

Illustrated. 12mo, cloth, 75c.

"Aside from its lively interest, this story will be good for boys to read. It does not preach, but its influence is strong for the right, and it leaves a smack of hearty encouragement in the youthful mind."—*The Independent*.

"Here is a capital little story for boys, for girls, or for grown people. Of course, it is a story with a moral, and the moral is always obvious; but it does not interrupt the story, which is good."—*Church Standard*.

The story is a very pretty one, and nice to give little children or to put in a Sunday-school library. The sentiment is not mawkish nor the religious element overdone.

